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Cashmere Bouquet...
The Fragrance Men Love

modern screen

JULY, 1959 — AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

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The cover photo of Liz and Eddie is by Gloria V. Luchenbill.
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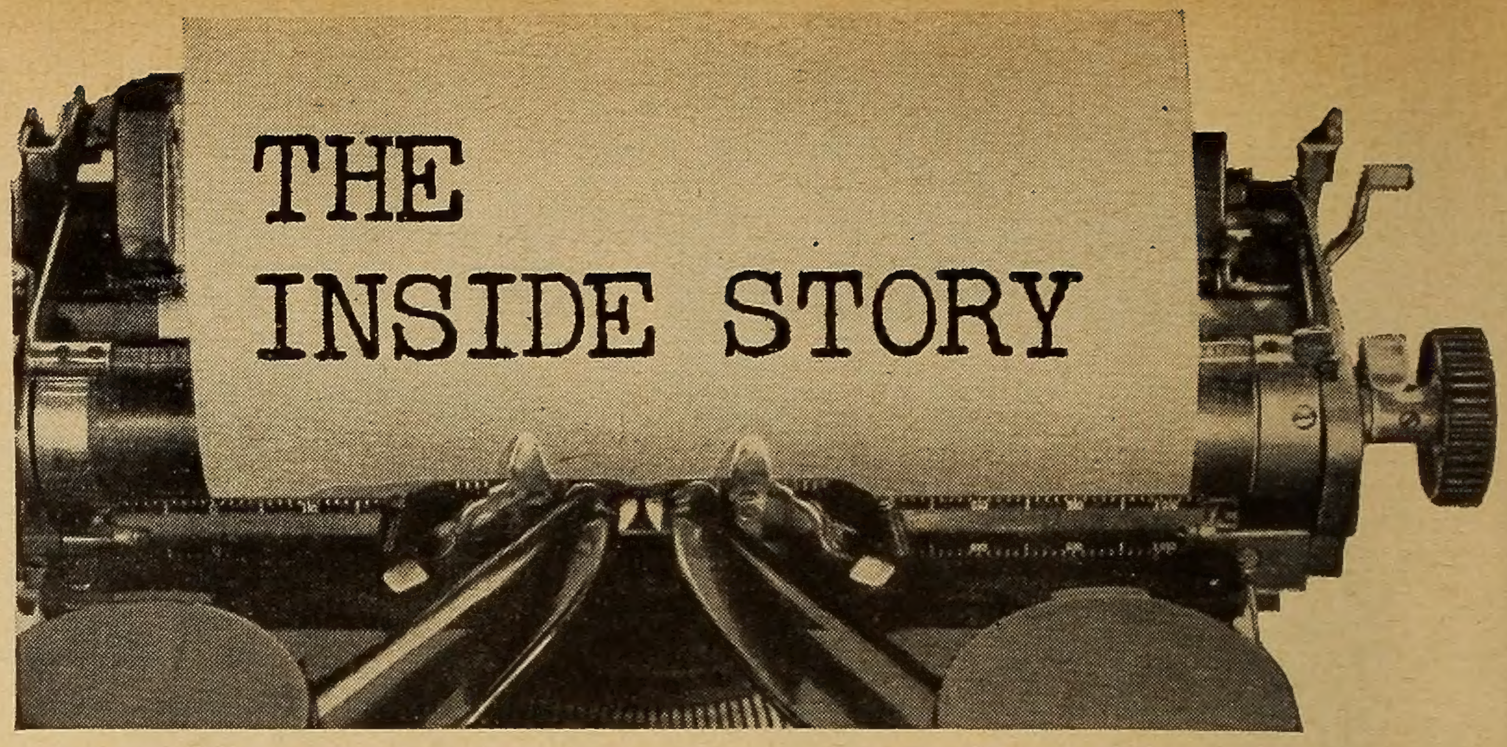
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Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, Box 2291, Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17, N. Y. The most interesting letters will appear here. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q Is it true that **Tuesday Weld** is champing at the bit to quit classes and move into her own apartment as soon as she is sixteen?
—H.D., New York City

A *Tuesday can't quit school until she is eighteen or unless she graduates before then.*

Q What makes stars like **Marilyn Monroe** and others who are usually shy about publicity take off on long exhausting road tours to publicize their pictures?
—P.T., St. Joseph, Mo.

A *Money. Marilyn owns 10% of* Some Like It Hot.

Q I heard a frightening story that **Audrey Hepburn** contracted leprosy when she was in the Belgian Congo making *The Nun's Story*. Is it true?
—R.S., Boise, Idaho

A *Audrey* nursed *a leper. She did not contract the disease.*

Q I was at the Academy Award party and saw **Felicia Farr** continually kissing a strange man on the dance floor. Where was **Jack Lemmon**?
—S.H., Yuma, Ariz.

A *The man wasn't strange to Felicia. Jack was in London. Felicia was annoyed about the uncomplimentary remarks he made about American women.*

Q I haven't seen pictures of **Doris Day**'s son for over five years. Is Doris trying to protect her boy from publicity or is there some other reason for this? —S.M., Cincinnati, Ohio

A *Doris is trying to protect her son from publicity and protect her 'girl-next-door' quality. Her son is now taller than she is.*

Q What's the scoop with **Lana Turner** and Fred May with whom she is now being seen everywhere?
—P.B., Tulsa, Okla.

A *Fred is the calm between the storms.*

Q I read in the papers about a big romance between **Aldo Ray** and **Heather Sears**. Is this the same Heather Sears who was in *Story of Esther Costello?* I thought she was happily married?
—L.M., Troy, N.Y.

A *Heather was. Is no longer.*

Q Is it my imagination or has **Tony Perkins**' popularity diminished? I don't seem to read as much about him in the magazines as I used to.
—S.G., Denver, Col.

A *Tony has set no fires at the box-office with his last four or five pictures —or on the magazine polls, either. After* On The Beach, *he returned to his New York apartment. He has no commitments for films.*

Q **Dinah Shore** is always so terribly happy on her TV show I can't believe it's for real. Is the Dinah Shore-**George Montgomery** marriage as idyllic as the public would believe?
—R.P., Detroit, Mich.

A *Since meeting George, Dinah has never looked at another man.*

Q With *Gigi* walking away with all the Academy Awards, how come there has been no reference to the fact that **Louis Jourdan** was the star of it in his recent personal appearances and TV shows? Does this upset him?
—S.P., Baton Rouge, La.

A *His friends imply that the only thing that upset Louis was the fact* he *wasn't nominated to begin with. Hence no added plugs for the picture.*

Q I heard that **Sir Laurence Olivier** developed a crush on **Natalie Wood** and from the pictures I've seen of the **Ingrid Bergman** party he seemed not to have left the Wagners' side for a moment. What gives?
—J.B.K., San Francisco

A *Sir Laurence is not romantically involved in any way with Natalie. He found the Wagners delightful company.*

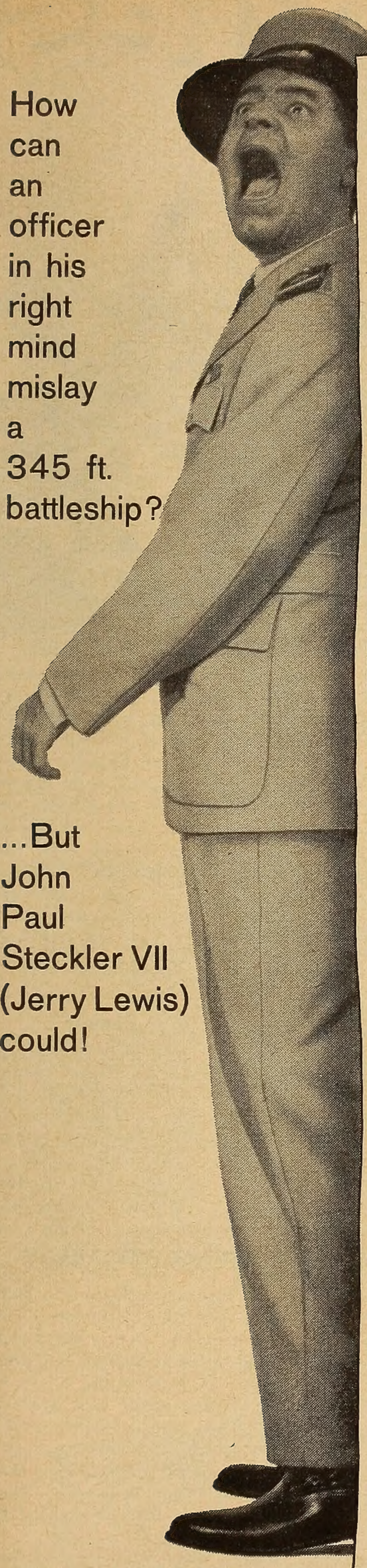
Q Just saw a revival of *The Egyptian*. Where is **Edmund Purdom** these days?
—T.L., Balboa, Calif.

A *He quit acting—or vice versa—to join a British recording firm.*

Q I heard that **Linda Christian** was ostracized by everyone in Hollywood recently for committing an unforgiveable, atrocious act. What was it?
—P.M., Rego Park, N.Y.

A *At a large Palm Springs costume ball, Linda arrived garbed as—The Merry Widow.*

How can an officer in his right mind mislay a 345 ft. battleship?



...But John Paul Steckler VII (Jerry Lewis) could!



Hilarious naval maneuvers! Big WAVE swamps Jerry as he see-hunts "missing" vessel!

JERRY LEWIS

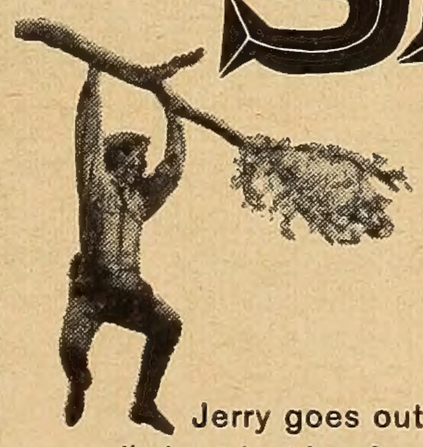
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HAL WALLIS' PRODUCTION

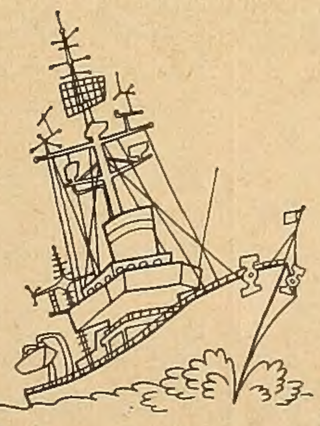
"Don't Give Up the Ship"



Wedding night or not . . . Jerry's gotta find his mislaid ship!



Jerry goes out on a limb . . . looking for the destroyer he "misplaced!"



co-starring

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Alice Paulsen

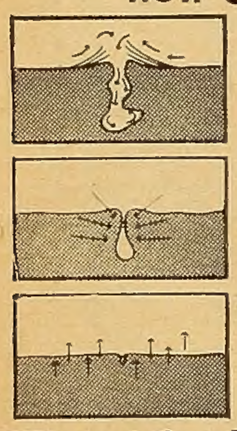
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SKIN-COLORED, *Hides pimples while it works*

CLEARASIL is the new-type scientific medication *especially* for pimples. In tubes or new squeeze-bottle lotion, CLEARASIL gives you the effective medications prescribed by leading Skin Specialists, and clinical tests prove it *really works.*

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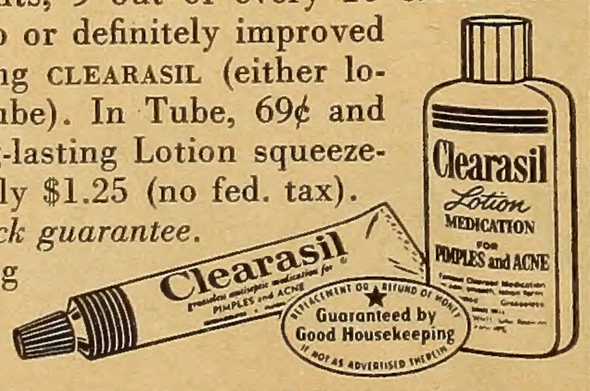
1. *Penetrates pimples.* 'Keratolytic' action softens, dissolves affected skin tissue so medications can penetrate. Encourages quick growth of healthy, smooth skin!

2. *Stops bacteria.* Antiseptic action stops growth of the bacteria that can cause and spread pimples . . . helps prevent further pimples outbreaks!

3. *'Starves' pimples.* Oil-absorbing action 'starves' pimples . . . dries up, helps remove excess oils that 'feed' pimples . . . works fast to clear pimples!

'Floats' Out Blackheads. CLEARASIL softens and loosens blackheads so they float out with normal washing. And CLEARASIL is greaseless, stainless, pleasant to use day and night for uninterrupted medication.

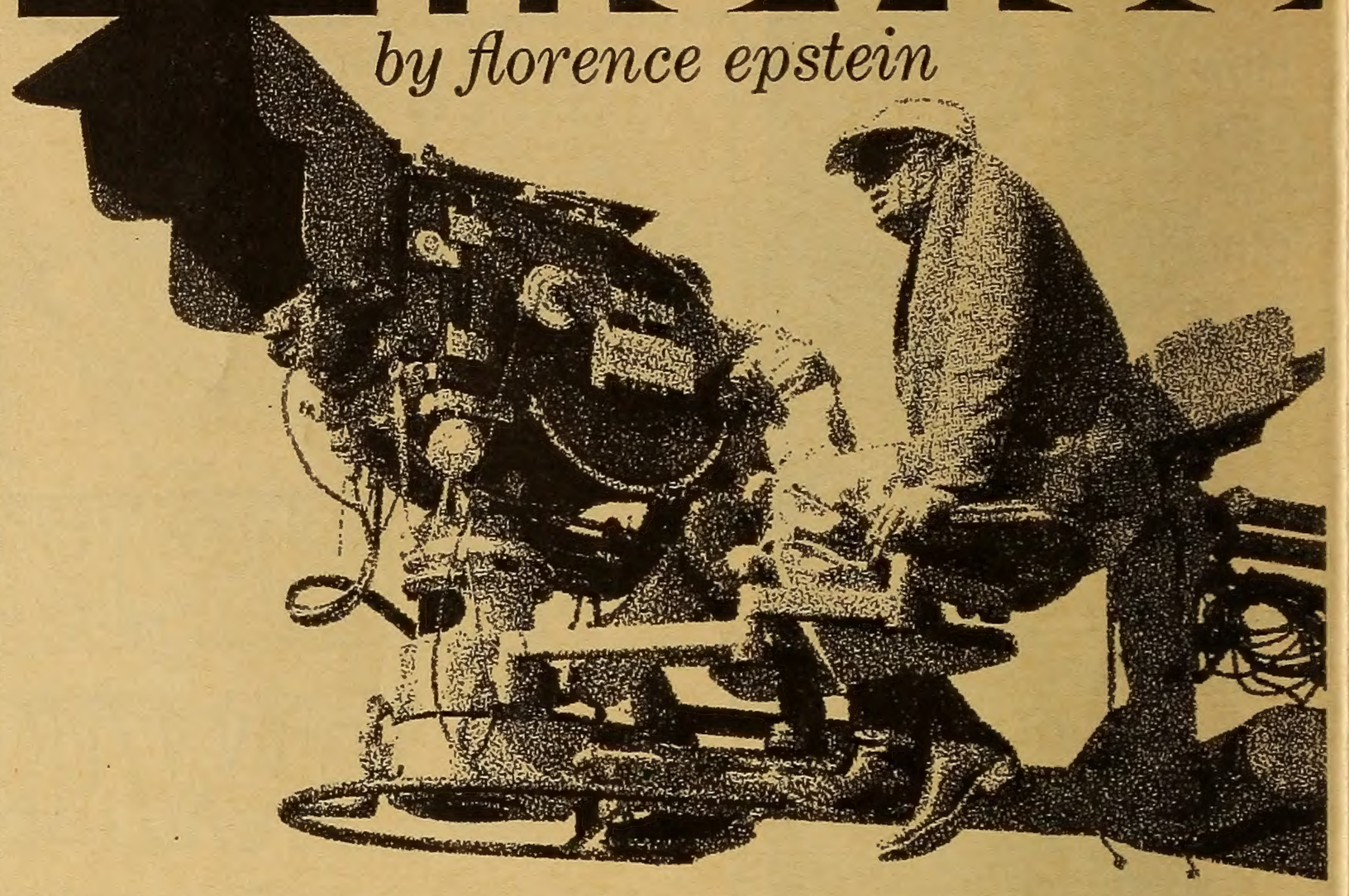
Proved by Skin Specialists! In tests on over 300 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL (either lotion or tube). In Tube, 69¢ and 98¢. Long-lasting Lotion squeeze-bottle, only $1.25 (no fed. tax). *Money-back guarantee.* At all drug counters.



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new movies

by florence epstein



THIS EARTH IS MINE

Rock Hudson
Jean Simmons
Dorothy McGuire
Claude Rains
Kent Smith

human fruit of the grape

▪ This earth is in California and it is covered with grapes, but Prohibition is on and patriarch Claude Rains (for whom a grape is proof of the existence of God) refuses to deal with bootleggers and get even richer—the way his grandson Rock Hudson wants him to. That's only part of the story. The other part is about the grape empire Rains created and lorded over. His children didn't just get married—they *merged*—so that the wine would stay in the family. But along the way love had a bad habit of intruding. For instance, Rock Hudson is the unacknowledged son of Kent Smith, but Kent had to go and marry Dorothy McGuire, Claude's daughter. Rock's mother (Anna Lee) took this in good grace and married someone else. Now Claude's granddaughter (Jean Simmons) arrives in their midst from England. It's all set for her to marry the young owner of a vast vineyard, named Andre she's never met. Then she falls in love with Rock. Next thing, Rock is accused by Cindy Robbins of fathering her child. This embarrasses the family because Cindy's just a grape packer—and Rock is in Chicago, consorting with bootleggers. Anyway, Cindy's lying. No one knows *that* until Rock is nearly murdered, vineyards burn down. Claude Rains dies and enrages the clan with his will. This is a saga, as you can see, of a most unusual family.—CINEMASCOPE, U.-I.

A HOLE IN THE HEAD

Frank Sinatra
Edward G. Robinson
Carolyn Jones
Eleanor Parker
Thelma Ritter

Miami Beach comedy

▪ Frank Sinatra owns a hotel in Florida—and business is so bad he has to steal towels. Every time Sinatra falls into a hole his brother Edward G. Robinson, digs him out, telling him "You're nothing but a bum." *His* dream is for Frank to marry a refined widow with money so that he can give a real home to his young son (Eddie Hodges). Failing that, Robinson and his wife, Thelma Ritter, would like to raise the boy themselves. But Frank's a free soul who 'digs' Carolyn Jones—who digs bongo drums, surf boarding. Frank doesn't want to *marry* Carolyn though. Frank also 'digs' dog races and his multi-millionaire 'Pal' Keenan Wynn who, it later turns out, doesn't 'dig' Frankie half as well. Robinson and Ritter arrive, thinking their nephew is sick and needs them. But it's Frankie who needs them—to pay off the bank. To get his hands on Robinson's loot Frankie even consents to be introduced to a widow, letting his brother think he'll settle down in a five-and-dime store with her. The widow turns out to be Eleanor Parker—and for once in his life Frank is honest.—CINEMASCOPE, UNITED ARTISTS.

"DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP"

Jerry Lewis
Dina Merrill
Diana Spencer
Mickey Shaughnessy
Robert Middleton

sink or swim

▪ Few people have ever lost a Navy destroyer. Jerry Lewis is one of these people. The last time he had the *U.S.S. Kornblatt* in his possession was just after V-J Day, thirteen years ago, in Pearl Harbor. All the other officers on the ship had enough points to be discharged, so the ship was handed over to Jerry. Jerry got to San Diego after being imprisoned by some Japanese soldiers who didn't know the war was over. Thirteen years later, Lieutenant Lewis is getting married in Akron, Ohio—and Admiral Robert Middleton is having a stroke in Washington, D. C. A congressional committee won't fork over another dime to the Navy until Middleton produces the *U.S.S. Kornblatt.* Jerry's arrested and hauled to Washington. Ensign Dina Merrill probes into his mind. That's not where she finds the *U.S.S. Kornblatt!*—PARAMOUNT.

THE FIVE PENNIES

Danny Kaye
Barbara Bel Geddes
Harry Guardino
Louis Armstrong
Tuesday Weld

he didn't 'make it'

▪ It's the roaring twenties in New York. Danny Kaye (as Red Nichols) and his horn land a job with Bob Crosby's band, and musician Harry Guardino introduces him to Barbara Bell Geddes. Their first date is up in Harlem. They get married (*Continued on page 88*)



Style-support is the key to the extra crown height in "*Empirette*". With Bobbi it's simple as setting.

New improved Bobbi waves in *style-support* with the ease and softness of a setting

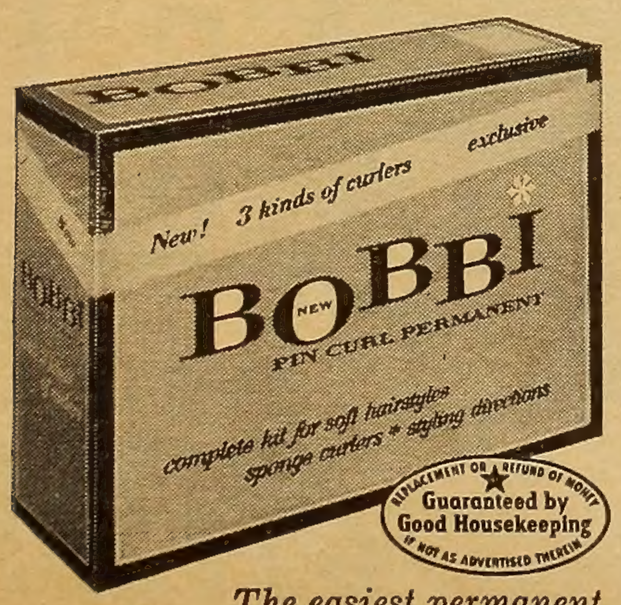


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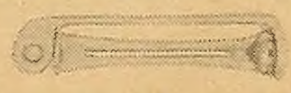
ONLY NEW BOBBI GIVES YOU ALL 3 KINDS OF CURLERS



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for easy, over-all softness in major areas.



6 LARGE SPONGE ROLLERS
for areas needing extra body or "lift".



6 MIDGET RODS
for curling stubborn neckline stragglers.



we visit SUSAN at home in GEORGIA

THE pick-up truck moved easily along the curved driveway, quickly leaving the granite-and-glass ranch house. The shapely redhead at the wheel hummed happily as she wheeled the vehicle expertly into the highway that leads to the quiet rural Georgia town of Carrollton for her daily marketing jaunt into town. Mrs. Eaton Chalkley was wearing her favorite outfit, blue jeans and shirt, as she drove along the now familiar streets. Susan Hayward Chalkley lifted her hand from the wheel to return a cheery wave of greeting to her friends and neighbors. She pulled up before the Jitney Jungle, a small chain store, and before entering the store she paused to chat with a trio of other shoppers. The three women realized, as does everyone in town, that the friendly vivacious driver of the pick-up truck was one of the most famous members of the cinematic circle. However, the (*Continued on page 10*)

by Betty Carrollton



THE MIGHTY SAGA OF THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MAN!



EASTMAN COLOR
by Pathé
DYALISCOPE

SEE heroic Hercules rip down the Age of Orgy's lavish palace of lustful pleasure!

SEE him crush the savage ape-men who guard the shrine of the Golden Fleece!

SEE the Mightiest of Men vs. the Mightiest of Beasts—the killer Cretan Bull!

SEE the seductive Amazons lure men to voluptuous revels and violent death!

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STARRING **STEVE REEVES**

FEATURING SYLVA KOSCINA | GIANNA MARIA CANALE

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a story of LOVE and LONELINESS
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...a WOMAN'S SECRET HUNGER



Together they fought the hate... the lust of the scandalous Rambeau family, whose shocking secret threatened to destroy their love!

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"THIS EARTH IS MINE!"

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EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE
A VINTAGE PRODUCTION

Universal International

Hear DON CORNELL Sing "This Earth is Mine"

(*Continued from page 8*)

conversation was casual, with no reference to her or the Academy Award. The women are more than fans of Susan Hayward. They are neighbors of Mrs. Eaton Chalkley. For here Mrs. Chalkley completely eclipses Susan Hayward. No one—from awe-struck teenagers to workmen on the Chalkley estate to local civic leaders—ever refers to her as Miss Hayward. Here she is simply the wife of a prominent attorney, Eaton Chalkley. And that's the way she wants it.

Since she moved to Georgia after her marriage to Eaton in 1957, Susan has divided her time between here and Hollywood, with "never enough time at home." Though she is not a *member* of the various civic clubs, she takes an active part in community matters. She participated in a charity concert recently, served as chairman of the Muscular Dystrophy campaign, has opened the season for the *Atlanta Crackers,* the state's top pro baseball team. Susan has taken part in other civic and charitable enterprises, but finds she has to refuse many such requests. "I want to do my share but if I answer all requests, I'll be on the go all the time. I wouldn't have a chance to be a good wife and mother. And when I'm home all I want is to be a good wife and mother."

Back here after completing pictures, Susan disclosed that her current contract calls for five more movies. Then she plans to become a full-time Georgia housewife. "I've had a long-lasting career that has been very gratifying. I'd rather have been an actress than do any other kind of work. But I've never considered myself an *artiste,* and the theater has never been my life. Here I've found complete happiness in being with my husband." She added that although she will be able to spend a great deal of time with Eaton while making the five movies, she feels "I'm wasting happiness by working when I could spend that time with him."

Old friends

Susan declares that she doesn't miss Hollywood, except for a few close friends. Fortunately she can keep in close touch by telephone. Most of her friends are planning to visit her soon. One of the first guests at the Chalkley house was Susan's close friend, Sara Little, of New York, whom the actress has known since she was fourteen. "She was class artist and I was class actress." Miss Little, an idea consultant, who heads her own firm, spent the Christmas holidays with the Chalkleys. She liked it so much, says Susan, that she plans to buy her own place here. Most of the friends the actress has made since she became Mrs. Chalkley have no connection with the movie world except as part of the theater audience. "Even our entertaining is on a simple scale." She and Eaton enjoy an occasional evening of dancing at the nearby country club but prefer to invite a group of friends to the house for informal dinners, horseback riding, a card game, or just talking. Did she hesitate about giving up a greater part of her career to begin this new life? She says, "This is where my husband lives and the decision was not really there. I knew this was his home and that when I married him it would be mine. It was that simple. We have both had the big-city life. We've done a lot of traveling and were both looking for the same kind of life. I really believe fate intended we should meet. Our tastes in practically everything are exactly alike."

Eaton is a Virginian who first came to Carrollton on legal matters. He has a background as a prominent attorney, working in Washington, D. C., and has been associated with the FBI. Now he is also owner of an automobile agency in Car-



It's so simple to switch to the style on your mind—the wonderful Wash 'n Curl way!

SPECTACULAR FREE OFFER

TO PROVE NEW PROTEIN WAVING SHAMPOO CAN GIVE YOU

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rollton. He said that he has actually been working on their 300-acre estate for nearly five years and recently bought more acreage adjoining the property which is being turned into permanent pasture for the horses and cattle they plan to raise.

Dream house come true

The house fits perfectly into its peaceful setting, faced with the granite from Stone Mountain and roofed with crushed Georgia marble. The air-conditioned place is nestled in a pine grove overlooking a fifteen-acre lake. Susan says, "When I was a little girl, I often went to the lake in Prospect Park and dreamed of someday having my own home beside a lake. This is just as I planned it in my dreams."

Their home is reached by a long driveway that stretches from the entrance gate, where stands a modernized seventy-five-year-old farmhouse that is now their guest house. It was to this red-and-white building that Eaton first took his bride to live for several months before construction began on the modern ranch home. When the doorbell rings, it is likely to be answered by Susan, whose household staff right now is limited to one. She happily guides guests around the house beginning with "my pride and joy—the kitchen," the design of which her husband left entirely in her hands. "I went around to see every kitchen decorator in the country. I wanted every inch of space utilized to best advantage." One of her favorite features is the flip-up surface stove unit that folds down on the counterpart for use, and flips back against the wall when nothing is cooking. The refrigerator is built in, as is the oven. Next to the kitchen is the breakfast area, one side of which is taken up with a huge built-in glass door cupboard. Here Susan displays her collection of China platters decorated with representations of bright red lobsters. The wide living room has a glass wall facing the lake. The floor is of black slate, the interior is built of tongue-and-groove logs painted white. At first, Susan explained, "We intended to build a much larger home with five baths instead of only three. But the more we thought of the place, the better I liked this location. So we decided to add onto the building and make it the main house. A white painted room-divider of logs is filled with assorted big-leafed plants. I don't have a green thumb, but I got careful instructions from the florist on how to care for these plants. I follow them implicity."

The fireplace Eaton designed

One entire end of the room is taken up by a great granite fireplace with a raised hearth, and there are folding iron panels in the fireplace opening. "My husband invented the panels. The fireplace goes all the way through to the other side of the living room wall to form the same setting in the bedroom. When we want to use the fireplace for our room alone, we

(*Continued on page* 14)

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(*Continued from page* 12)
just close the panels on the living room side."

The cheery yellow-and-white bedroom also faces the lake. In the actress' dressing room the counter tops are marble and the color is pink. A trio of lace fans are framed to form the only wall decoration. "I have loads of room for my clothes," she says, sliding back the door of one of the closets that line the wall. "The only thing I forgot when I designed this room was the mirror." She corrected this by buying a framed mirror for the dressing table. Some of the space in the wide entrance hall was sacrificed for linen closets.

There is a big room in the back of the house for Susan's fourteen-year-old twins, Greg and Timmy, to use when they come home week ends from the Georgia Military Academy. Their school is about forty-five minutes from Carrollton. Timmy is going all out for swimming there and Greg is a Corporal First Class, going all out for developing his muscles. The boys are like father, blond, not big, but sturdily built. (Their natural father is the actor Jess Barker from whom Susan was divorced in 1955 after ten years of marriage.) They are rather reserved, but quite self-sufficient.

Both Timmy and Greg have great respect for Eaton and like him very much.

The Chalkleys have surrounded themselves with friends who enjoy their kind of life. Most of them Eaton has known since he first came to Georgia, and they find his wife a pleasant addition to their circle. The Chalkleys' family physician, Dr. Hadley Allen of Breman, a small town a few miles away, is a rather frequent visitor. But his calls are usually social rather than professional. Dr. Allen and his wife, Betty, are among the Chalkleys' close friends. Hadley has been an M.D. in Breman for more than fifteen years. The Allens declare, "Susan is a very genuine person with absolutely no pretense about her, who fits in perfectly with the crowd." Other frequent visitors include Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Kane, Sr., of Atlanta who declare they are as much at home around the actress as with any of their other friends. "Susan's career seldom comes into our conversation," Mrs. Kane said. "When we get together the conversation is always stimulating and interesting and covers practically everything from plumbing to current events." Harvey Hester, Georgia restaurant owner who first introduced Susan to her husband, has a special place in the family group. Susan fondly calls him Uncle Harvey and is learning to play the electric guitar which he gave her for Christmas.

When a teenage Carrollton girl heard about the electric guitar and learned Susan had no pick with which to play it, she promptly spent her week's allowance on an assortment of the gay-colored picks of plastic bits. Susan exhibited the picks, about twenty of them in all sizes, shapes and colors with as much enthusiasm as if each pick had been diamond-studded. Another favorite gift is the red-and-white bellows for the fireplace which was brought over by a neighbor, Mrs. T. R. Griffin, Jr. Mr. Griffin owns a couple of drugstores in Carrollton and their teenage son, Tommy, is a pal of Susan's twin boys. Tommy confided, "It's great having Mrs. Chalkley as a friend. We never think of her as an actress. She's easy to talk to and fun to be around." Workmen on the Chalkley grounds, some of whom have been employed by them for five years, disclose that the lady of the house is always polite and friendly. "She takes an interest in whatever we're doing, and likes to know why we're doing a particular thing. But she never tries to tell us how to do our job. She's a pleasure to work for."

Susan has no in-law problems, either. Eaton's mother, Mrs. Alma Chalkley, as well as a brother and sister all live in Carrollton. Susan describes her mother-in-law as a wonderful person with a terrific sense of humor and an amazing amount of energy that must be put to use. Susan, however, never takes personal problems to Mrs. Chalkley, because she says, "I don't want to make her responsible for my decisions . . . I'm naturally a moody person and always have been . . . My nerves are very close to the surface. And my moods go way up or way down, depending on the weather or my emotions. My husband realized how moody I am before we were married. He's so calm, patient and understanding that I am on a more even keel now than ever before."

She doesn't miss Hollywood

She recalled a morning recently when Eaton was driving the tractor to mow their vast expanse of lawn. His wife was running along behind the mower trying to capture—as she put it—"the feeling that this land is mine, like you read about in books. But I almost collapsed with laughter. It was such a ridiculous thought. I know this land isn't really mine, but has only been loaned to me to enjoy for a time. For a long time, I hope."

Does she miss Hollywood? "No," she said. "All I can ever want is right here."

Maybe it doesn't sound exciting for a movie actress—but to Susan it's all she's ever wanted—all she's striving for—a good, warm, normal family life. **END**

Susan will soon appear in THUNDER IN THE SUN *for Paramount and* WOMAN OBSESSED *for 20th-Fox.*

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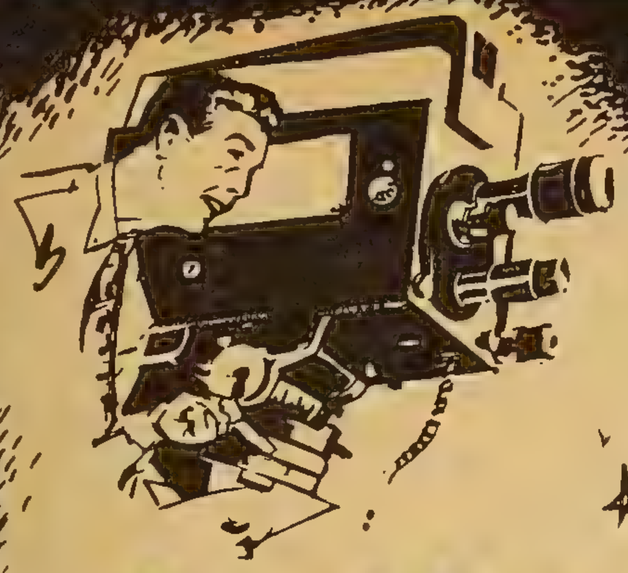
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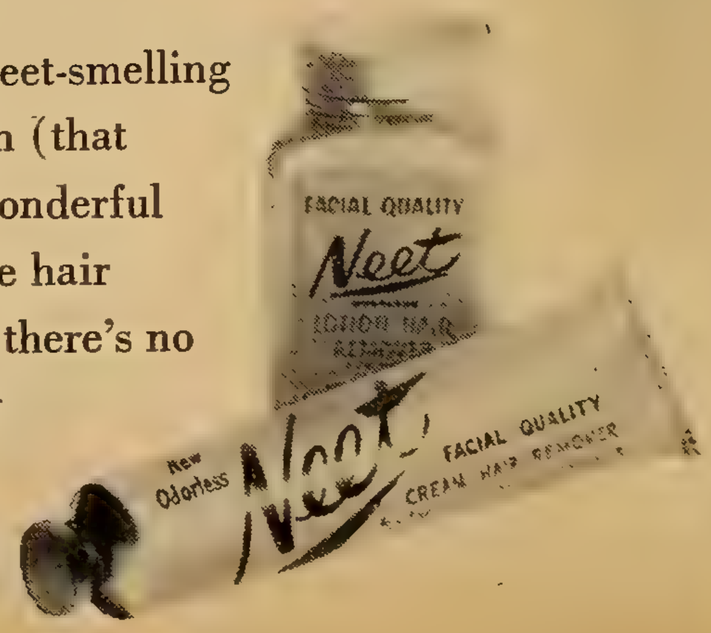
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LOUELLA PARSONS

in this issue:

The Academy Awards won by Susan Hayward . . . David Niven . . . Gigi.

The Duke and Duchess of Windsor visit Hollywood and are Royally entertained by the Randolph Hearsts.

Debbie says yes to Las Vegas divorce for Eddie, paving way for his marriage to Liz.

Bing and Kathy expect second baby, confirming my scoop of January 20th after first denying it.

Italian charmer Gina Lollobrigida makes triumphant arrival in Hollywood.

All this has certainly kept your eager beaver reporter hopping.

LOUELLA PARSONS



(Above) Romanoff's was the scene of the charming dinner-dance given in honor of Ingrid and Lars Schmidt before the Awards. (Left) Liz got a pretty consolation prize from Eddie.



FLASHBACK TO OSCAR NIGHT

Elizabeth Taylor lost the Oscar to **Susan Hayward**, but that was a pretty fancy consolation prize she received from **Eddie Fisher**: a full-length white baby beaver coat lined in purple jersey and made to order by Don Loper. Price $6,500! . . .

That storm of applause that greeted Susan Hayward's name as 'best actress' was for her fine performance in *I Want to Live*, of course. But it was also for the great way she has 'come back' from so much unhappiness in her private life when she was so 'mixed up' several years ago. . . .

Because of some raps he took, **Jerry Lewis** says he'll never m.c. another Academy Award. Frankly, I don't know what happened to Jerry this time. Remember how good he was two years ago when he carried the whole job of emceeing the Awards?

On the whole, I'm sick of the slams directed at the Academy Awards. Except for running seventeen minutes short on the TV time, it was a great show, the audience warm and enthusiastic, the winners popular, the women beautifully gowned. And may I point out that it took a *movie* show to attract the biggest audience that ever sat glued to millions of TV sets! But on to more pleasant topics.

That gay and wonderful Boulevardier **Maurice Chevalier** should have received a nomination for his charming *Gigi*. But the audience came down in a heap when Maurice came on the stage singing *Thank Heaven for Little Girls* to all those beauties. What a charmer!

PARTY FOR INGRID

The other special guest, **Ingrid Bergman**, (imported from Europe for the event) dressed most informally at the Awards and at the dinner-dance given in her (and Lars Schmidt's) honor hosted by the Buddy Adlers at Romanoff's the Saturday preceding the Oscars.

At the Adlers' charming party, Ingrid wore a print dress, with pink roses against a beige background. At the Awards, she wore a short pink skirt topped with an embroidered white off-the-shoulder bodice.

Both at the Adlers' and later at the celebration at the Beverly Hilton following the Oscars, I sat at the table with Ingrid, her bridegroom Lars, and Ingrid's lovely daughter Jenny Ann, a really beautiful girl.

I asked Jenny Ann if she planned to follow in her mother's footsteps and become an actress. She smiled and said, "I haven't made up my mind yet. I still have to finish school."

Lars Schmidt is a charming man, and a very successful one as a producer in Sweden. He told me that when he presented *My Fair Lady* in Sweden the King and Queen attended the first-night performance. Lars also has four plays running in Paris, *The Diary of Anne Frank*, *Two for the Seesaw* and *Orpheus Descending* among them.

I told Ingrid how much I liked her husband. "Wasn't I lucky?" she smiled. "Lucky to have married a man like Lars?"

One of the things that made her happiest is the obvious liking Jenny Ann has for Lars and he for her. And, if Ingrid felt any fears about her return to Hollywood after ten years packed with so much sensational drama in her private life, they were completely dispelled.

Her face glowed as she told me, "It's as though I had never been away!"





(Above) "Wasn't I lucky," Ingrid said, "to have married a man like Lars?" The radiant newlyweds were the guests of honor at the Buddy Adlers' party. Among the other couples were (right) George Montgomery and his song-star wife Dinah Shore, and (below, right) Dean Martin and wife Jeanne. Ingrid's happy at the way Lars and her daughter (below, left) get along.





LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*

PARTY *of the month*

The charming dinner-dance hosted by **Mr.** and **Mrs. Randolph Hearst** for the visiting **Duke** and **Duchess of Windsor** was one of the most beautiful and exclusive parties ever given in our town. The setting was the flower-bedecked penthouse of Romanoff's, the evening was warm and balmy and the movie stars and socialites beautifully gowned.

I had met the Windsors in New York a few years ago and later at Rosita Winston's party in Paris and it was flattering that both of the distinguished guests recalled our meetings.

The Duchess is so gay and vivacious and she really sparkled in her short red evening gown with which she wore her fabulous emeralds. Neither of the Windsors missed a dance the entire evening, the Duchess twirling about the floor with **George Montgomery**, **Gary Cooper**, Freddie Brisson, General Frank McCarthy, millionaire Edwin Pauley.

As for the Duke, you should have seen him *jitterbugging* with **Rosalind Russell**! He did the Charleston with Mrs. Edward Carter, and danced with **Merle Oberon**, **Irene Dunne**, **Mrs. Gary Cooper**, **Dinah Shore**, Mrs. Pauley, and the hostess.

While Dinah Shore was dancing with the Duke, the Duchess danced by and said to Dinah, "When am I going to hear you sing?" The Duke then asked Dinah to sing and she delighted the guests by asking composer **Jimmy McHugh** to play his *I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby* for her. What a gal, that Dinah!

When my dance came with the Duke, I said, "You love music, don't you?"

"I do, indeed," he replied, "I know most of the popular numbers. I can tell you like dancing, too." That's for sure!

The Duke spoke of the beauty of the hostess and also of Mrs. David Hearst.

Among those who sat at the Duchess' table was **David Niven**. His lovely wife Hjordis was at the Duke's table. Between dances the Duchess seemed to enjoy talking so much to Irene Dunne and Rosalind Russell.

The Windsors were in Los Angeles only for a week end and the next evening Cobina Wright entertained in their honor at her hilltop home.

I sat next to **John Wayne** who told me he was looking forward to visiting our new state, Alaska, to film *The Alaskan*. "Good heavens!" I laughed. "I thought you were planning to stay home a spell." Duke grinned, "I don't get those kinds of pictures."

Arlene Dahl, looking lovely in white, came with **Fernando Lamas** but their reconciliation was short lived. This marriage, unfortunately, seems to be on the rocks.

At dinner those two funny men, **Bob Hope** and **Red Skelton**, made hilarious speeches and no one laughed louder than the Duke and Duchess. For Cobina's party, the Duchess was wearing a short green satin gown with priceless pearls.

The Windsors did not leave Cobina's until the wee small hours although they were getting up at an ungodly early hour the next morning and taking off via station wagon with their three dogs for San Francisco.

"I'm sure we'll get lost again," laughed the Duchess, referring to the hour delay the Windsors experienced arriving at the Beverly Hills Hotel wandering around the hills completely lost on their arrival in Los Angeles.

They promised to come back soon—and we all hope they do.







(Above) The Windsors arrived, all ready to dance, at the penthouse party given in their honor. The Duchess paused to chat with John Wayne and Red Skelton (left) and to congratulate Bob Hope enthusiastically (below) on his speech.

OPEN LETTER

To Diane Varsi:

I believe I am speaking for all movietown when I say—take your time, get whatever is bothering you about your career out of your system, but *come back, Diane.*

I would not say this if I did not believe that you have a most unique talent, and talent, my dear, is to be cherished and nurtured. It is a gift in whatever medium it is bestowed.

I know that Hollywood can sometimes seem cruel to a sensitive person. I don't care what other excuses you give, I think your chief disillusionment lay in some pretty wide criticism, not of your work, but in personal things: the way you dressed (or didn't dress): not giving your studio your telephone number, turning down good roles offered to you by 20th-Century Fox.

As recently as two issues ago I wrote another letter to you warning that your uncooperative conduct was jeopardizing your career.

But once you step out into the spotlight, Diane, this is the price you pay for the attention and the affection of the world! Almost every big actor or actress worth his salt has encountered criticism at some stage along the way. Nor is all criticism bad. More often than not it points the way to self-improvement if it is received in the right way.

You proved in *Peyton Place* that you are a fine young actress. It is rare indeed that a young girl scores so vividly in her first major role that she is worthy of Academy Award consideration—as you were.

My point in saying all this is the hope that you will realize that Hollywood is not *against* you, that we are sympathetic to whatever inner turmoil you are going through, and above all—*we want you to come back.*



Bob and Nat's unusual viewpoint

The more I see of **Natalie Wood** and **Bob Wagner** the more I am convinced they are the least spoiled young people in Hollywood.

When they dropped by to see me a few days ago I told Natalie how happy I was that her long drawn-out contract battle with Warners was settled. Now she could continue on her star path.

She surprised me by saying, "Neither Bob nor I consider ourselves stars big enough to carry a picture alone. We need other stars to help carry our pictures." And Bob nodded his agreement.

If you knew Hollywood as I know Hollywood, you'd realize how unusual this viewpoint is.



Louella got a surprise from Hollywood couple Nat and Bob.

WELCOME GINA!

Queen **Gina Lollobrigida**, arrived to the tune of much bulb-flashing, TV cameras, reporters and interviews, to make *Never So Few* with **Frank Sinatra**.

But even the best press agent couldn't have staged the endearing scene at the airport when Gina's eighteen-month-old son, Andrea, all done up in checked pants, white shirt and checked bow-tie, went plumb crazy over Sinatra!

The baby literally jumped into Frank's arms and perched there, much to Frankie's delight. "We Italians stick together," beamed the delighted Mr. S. He also called attention to the fact that both he and Andrea wear bow-ties!

I met Gina later at MGM at a party hosted by executive producer Sol Siegel and Sinatra and was charmed with both Gina and her husband, Dr. Milko Skofic (so handsome).

Gina, with her flashing black eyes and animated manner, speaks surprisingly good English, with a cute accent, of course. She looked beautiful in a white satin gown with which she wore emeralds and rubies in matching necklace and earrings.

She said she hopes so much to see something of California before starting the picture but there won't be much time as it begins so soon.

I told her I was sorry not to meet Andrea at the party. She laughed and said, "He's sleeping. It was a long, hard trip by air—but he was so good."

Both Gina and Milko invited me to their bungalow at the Beverly Hills Hotel to meet their pride and joy and that's an invitation I shall accept.



The press welcomed beautiful Gina Lollobrigida, arriving with husband Dr. Skofic and baby Andrea.

LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*





? PERSONAL OPINIONS

A lot of heartache went into **Anna Maria Alberghetti**'s decision to call off her marriage to **Buddy Bregman** just eight days before their wedding. She cried her eyes out when she came to my house to personally tell me her sad little story. "I still love Buddy and he loves me," Anna Maria said, "but I have thought over the many problems and believe we should not marry." She insisted her mother had nothing to do with her decision and was no longer pressing her to give up Buddy because of religious differences. Whatever the cause of the trouble, Anna is keeping it locked in her heart. . . .

Kim Novak looked like she was floating in the clouds dancing cheek-to-cheek with **Cary Grant** (with her eyes closed!) at the Beverly-Hilton after the Oscars. . . .

Cute name **Joanne Woodward** and **Paul Newman** picked out for their brand new daughter. Although her official name is Ellen, the baby will be called Nell Newman. . . .

One of the nicest things that has happened —the reconciliation of Sheila and **Guy Madison** after first one and then the other stubbornly holding out for seven long months. . . .

Wendy Hiller's comment on receiving the Oscar for best supporting actress was in shocking bad taste. Yet she has not denied saying, "Give me the cash. They can keep the honor. . . ."

No wonder **Martha Hyer** believes that "Diamonds are only a girl's *second* best friend!" This smart glamour girl has a small fortune in oil paintings which increase in value all the time. Martha's Beverly Hills home is a small treasure house of paintings and *objects d'art.*





All decked out as movie titles, Rory Calhoun and his Lita (left) came as Glamour Boy *and* Pauline, *while Shirley MacLaine (above) posed as Dean Martin.*

A 'surprise' surprise party

Try this as an idea for one of your own parties—come dressed as the title of a movie!

At the surprise birthday party given MGM boss Sol Siegel by Fieldsie and Walter (director) Lang we were asked to dress as a title from one of Sol's movies. As laugh after laugh greeted each arrival—it was really a fun party.

Shirley MacLaine was a riot with an old beat-up hat on the back of her head saying she was **Dean Martin** in *Some Came Running.*

Ginger Rogers, escorted by **Cesar Romero**, was *High Society* in a beautiful pink



Randy MacDougal looks dubious about wife Nanette Fabray's costume.



Cesar Romero and Ginger Rogers were charming as High Society *and* Man on Fire *(above). Mr. and Mrs. Sol Siegel came as* Call Me Madam.



evening gown. Cesar, in a high hat with a lighted candle on top, represented *Man on Fire.*

The Jean Negulescos brought a fountain, and with **Clifton Webb** in the act with them, were *Three Coins in the Fountain.*

Fred MacMurray and **June Haver** were Dizzy and Henry from *Henry Aldrich.*

Virginia Grey in a sailor garb was *S.O.S. Coast Guard.*

Nanette Fabray and Mrs. William Perlberg looked like dolls in the cutest costumes representing *There's No Business Like Show Business.*

Rory Calhoun was *Glamour Boy* (he's really one!) and his Lita was cute as a button as *Perils of Pauline.*

P.S. If you care—I went all dolled up in my gold dress as *Call Me Madam*!

I nominate for **STARDOM**

Ricky Nelson



Not that he is yet such a fine actor (although he gives a good account of himself in *Rio Bravo*); not because he is a hot young singer with hundreds of thousands of teenagers behind him and the ability to sell records at the million mark; not entirely because he is handsome.

I select Ricky this month because of his 'star' making ability to stir up controversy, to set people arguing about him, to create excitement. This is the stuff of which *stars* are made.

Howard Hawks, the director of *Rio Bravo* starring **John Wayne** and **Dean Martin**, said recently: "I signed Ricky sight unseen for a leading role in the picture. I didn't expect him to act—and I was pleasantly surprised at his natural talent.

"But when I was told that Rick has three gold discs to his credit (meaning each disc topped the million mark in sales), that he is on every teenager popularity poll and that he has to employ four secretaries to answer his fan mail—I knew his mere appearance in *Rio Bravo* would sell at least an additional 500,000 tickets!"

I might add that he is head and shoulders above all competition in my fan letters this month.

As to whether or not this eighteen-year-old son of TV veterans **Harriet** and **Ozzie** has patterned himself after **Elvis Presley**—Rick, himself, admits that Presley is his idol. He says, "Sure I started out to imitate him. He's the greatest. But as I go along I think and hope I'm beginning to deliver some of my own stuff." He is.

A modest, even-tempered boy, popular with the young belles and a sportscar enthusiast, he is not in the least spoiled by his tremendous success. He still asks for his allowance from Ozzie! Watch this boy—he's headed for movie stardom.

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued

Advice for Millie

Millie Perkins proves herself a fine young actress in *The Diary of Anne Frank*, her very first picture.

But I wish she would stop living the role off screen!

Glimpsed in the 20th Century-Fox commissary the other day, Millie was a forlorn figure lunching alone and discouraging the advance of the few who did venture up to congratulate her.

But it was what she was wearing that got me—a schoolgirl skirt, white middy-blouse and *long black stockings*!

Cheer-up, and dress-up, Millie. For you, life is beautiful and successful. Enjoy it while you are young.

Another baby for the Crosbys

Kathryn Crosby called all the way from Ishpeming, Michigan, where she was on location in *Anatomy of a Murder*, to tell me it's true that she and Bing are expecting another baby.

"Then why did you deny my story when it came out weeks ago?" I asked.

Kathy laughed, "Because I just heard it the day you did! You must be a doctor! I was working on *Big Circus* at the time, I wanted to finish the picture and perhaps do another before the news came out."

This time, Kathy swears, she and **Bing** are not going to do so much talking about wanting a girl.

"That little fellow of ours (meaning Harry Lillis Crosby, Jr.) is so endearing and we love him so much it's all right with us if we have another boy," she said.

Bing not a "bad father"

As for Bing, he made some added headlines of his own about being a parent when he gave out that surprising (and to my mind unnecessary) statement that he "had been a bad father to **Gary, Dennis** and **Phil** and **Lindsay**." He elaborated that he had given them both too much discipline and too much money. That he "couldn't talk to them." That they paid no attention to his advice.

The twins and Lindsay denied Bing's statement calling him a fine dad. Only Gary remained silent.





Millie Perkins (below) tries taking Louella's advice. Bing Crosby (right) ponders his statement on parenthood.

LETTER BOX

To Cynthia Hossford, Atlanta, Ga., who wrote in the April issue: **Ricky Nelson** *is a carbon copy of* **Elvis Presley**, goes the Herculean achievement of displacing **Liz-Eddie-Debbie** as Topic No. 1 in your letters! While many agree with her, I hope Cynthia is a strong girl who can stand up under such blasts as:

You can't find one girl in the world who knows real talent who would say such a thing —*except that Cynthia* (from Bee Kohler, Corvallis, Oregon).

Cynthia's a Square from Squaresville (Dorothy Deere, Pacoma).

Ricky Nelson has more talent in his eyelashes than Elvis has in his whole torso (Velma Searle, Bowling Green, Kentucky).

The next great star of movies and TV *is Ricky Nelson!* (Connie Mears, Wichita Falls, Texas).

Second topic of interest in the mail is whether the Academy should have invited **Ingrid Bergman** to participate in the Awards. Opinion is divided about evenly as expressed by:

Helen, Doris and Gracie of Victoria, British Columbia: *Miss Bergman has made plain her contempt for Hollywood in many interviews in Europe. Why was she invited to be a special guest at Hollywood's greatest annual event?*

Mrs. Elvira Bosson, Denver, Colorado: *Ingrid Bergman should have been nominated for* Inn of the Sixth Happiness. *She is a great actress and her private life is her own. It was just plain Justice that Hollywood brought her from Europe to highlight the Academy presentations. . . .*

Hurray! Liz didn't win! comes Air Mail from San Francisco, Patty Parsons (no relation).

A charming letter from Mrs. James F. Dunn, Jr., Dallas, telling of the re-issue of **Tyrone Power**'s The Eddy Duchin Story in her home town: *The crowds that filled the theater were heartwarming to one fan who will never forget this fine actor and gentleman. . . .*

My answer is No, NO, NO! to E.S.P., New York, who wants to leave her husband and three-year-old son to seek a movie career in Hollywood. My dear, you aren't *asking* for heartache, you are *begging* for it. . . .

Juan Carlos Cismondi, Paraguay, Rorario, Argentina, wants **Barbara Stanwyck** to know that she is very popular in his country and if she should visit there, *She would be treated like the Queen she is. Why do we not see her new pictures?* (Barbara is concentrating on a new TV series, Juan). . . .

Most girls would give anything in the world for the opportunity **Diane Varsi** *tossed aside*, writes Kenny Carter of Toledo. See my Open Letter to Diane in this department, Kenny. . . .

Duncan McVei, Ontario, says: The Hanging Tree *is a fine picture with* **Gary Cooper** *and* **Maria Schell**. *Yet many of my friends did not see it because they did not like the title.* Titles *are very important to pictures,* Duncan. . . .

Marilyn Monroe *in* Some Like It Hot *proves again that she is the Queen of Glamour girls*, writes Penny, St. Louis. *She makes all her imitators look sick, sick, sick. . . .*

Duane Williams, Charleston, observes: *In the* **Liz-Eddie-Debbie** *triangle—it is the man who has paid! Liz was nominated for an Oscar and Debbie has never been so successful. Only Eddie is out in the cold losing his* TV *show. Isn't this a switch?*

That's all for now. See you next month.

Louella O Parsons

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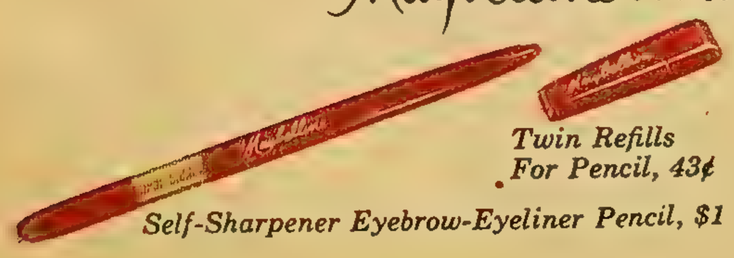
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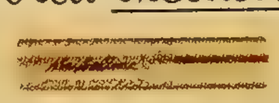
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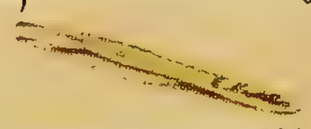


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HELP!

ATTENTION FANS OF







CLIFF ROBERTSON, GEORGE NADER, JAYNE MANSFIELD, SHELLEY WINTERS, JEFF CHANDLER, MONTY CLIFT, DON MURRAY

THESE STARS ARE FALLING ★ IN PART THE FAULT IS THEIRS, IN PART THE FAULT IS YOURS ★ YOUR LOYALTY AND SUPPORT IS NEEDED NOW!

CLIFF ROBERTSON. This thirty-three-year-old has shown the worst judgment of all the newcomers. He started out with a bang in 1956's *Picnic* and *Autumn Leaves*, then dissipated his opportunity by long-drawn-out quarrels, sitdown strikes and refusals of roles offered him by his studio, Columbia. He refused pictures Columbia offered that turned out to be hits, like *Gunman's Walk* and knocked himself out to get loaned to RKO for rank failures like *Girl Most Likely*. Yet he claimed his artistic integrity demanded that he select roles carefully! While pics he considered unworthy were cleaning up and winning critical plaudits, he rushed into *Naked and the Dead* which he thought worthy. It got weak reviews and a lacing for him personally from *Time Magazine*. He lost a whole year's studio salary begging the late Harry Cohn to let him do *Orpheus Descending* on Broadway, and it failed; insisted on getting out of *Operation Madball*; he did get out and *Madball* was a hit. Then he meekly agreed to appear in *Gidget*—playing second-fiddle to Sandra Dee and James Darren. He can be argumentative over minor issues, then back down when something really worth fighting for comes up. For instance he made a hit in *Career* on the stage in L.A., yet didn't fight for the lead in the movie version of this excellent drama, which went to another actor, nor did he fight for the screen version of *Orpheus Descending* which will attract good audiences. Then he lost his head and gave a destructive interview to L.A. correspondent Vernon Scott (*Continued on page 28*)

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HELP!

(*Continued from page 27*)

widely syndicated, in which he publicly bewails the fact he lacks a 'gimmick' or personality trademark to put himself over with the public. This is horrible public relations. To top it all, after losing many thousands of dollars striking against Columbia, he went against his oft-proclaimed artistic integrity and contempt for the buck by saying he does think money is important after all. Accordingly, he got himself into the year's worst TV dramas, cheapening his standards and hurting his appeal. His agent, he says, accuses him of having more guts than sense, or so he told Vernon Scott. But considering the childish mismanagements, unpleasant personal publicity and assorted stubbornnesses and inconsistencies, he doesn't seem to have either guts *or* sense! A good actor, he seems immature emotionally. What can the fans do? Nothing, it seems, except hope.

GEORGE NADER. This is a nice guy who has problems a-plenty. U-I let him go when they cut down their pics, and he seems to be on the downgrade fast—and at thirty-seven, that's no joke. A kid of twenty-five can coast, wait for the next break—not at thirty-seven, when there's a premium on youth in the acting line, or at least a premium on making your first stake while young so it will still be there in the 40's and 50's—like Gable and Cooper. U-I neglected George for people like Rock Hudson, when it came to publicity. Even Jeff Chandler got better press coverage. George was cast in *Floodtide* and *The Female Animal* and they did not do well at the box-office. Then too, George is inclined to be a passive, inert, easy-going type. He is *too* grateful for what he has gotten—and to tough producers that smacks of lack of self-confidence. He's too anxious to please. Not for George any aggressive scenes in the front office, any hitting agents over the head! He'd rather relax in his trunks beside a pool, be the big brother and shoulder-to-cry-on of unhappy stars and starlets. Now everybody likes George; he has a solid group of fans who think he's the be-all and end-all. He has made no enemies (in his case almost a fault) and is not *quite* to be labeled 'colorless,' for he has a winning ease, a good voice, clean good looks. Here's our recipe for George: rally his fans to point up this

guy's assets; get other fans to root for him. And the fans should write George warning him to fight harder for good roles—the roles his hard-won acting competence, fine personality and looks warrant. They should tell him to *believe* in himself, because if he doesn't, pretty soon no one else will.

JAYNE MANSFIELD. Overdid the body bit, imitated Monroe, made almost a caricature of herself. The public in time got fed up with her flamboyant publicity. Then she hit the apex of insincerity by rounding up the press and telling them she wanted to be a serious dramatic actress. Do the fans want Jayne hot or cold? Our guess is that if she keeps on at this rate they won't want her at all. She admitted she overdid the body bit to win through to top-drawer fame, felt she wouldn't make it otherwise. There is a core of truth in this. Show business is competitive, you have to stand out (and for a while *no one*—but no one—stood out like Jayne). But it was synthetic, frenetic, gaudy—there was nothing true-blue in this. Jayne has a certain acting competence, which she displayed in *The Wayward Bus*—but everybody laughs when she is given serious drama to do. If she wants to play Elizabeth Barrett Browning, she'd better go under cover for a while. Jayne's fans? Well, most of them seem indifferent right now; they don't know what to make of her. They might find her dull as a dramatic actress. The adolescent boys who throw spitballs in the galleries may stick loyally by her —but are these fans? Jayne has a problem . . .

SHELLEY WINTERS. Here's a little girl who has loads of talent, and she has unfortunately just dissipated it. For one thing, her tendency to look at life through a highly emotional, almost hysteric light has caused her to spoil many fine opportunities and situations, has brought her failure in many respects, and has made her at times despairing about herself. If she expended one-tenth of the energy on wise career decisions that she throws away on chaotic domestic situations she'd be a big star today. Shelley is one of the most emotional, most high-strung actress (or actor either) we've ever encountered. Once, during a memorial service for actress Suzan Ball, she gave a wonderful speech, warm, tearful, genuine, sincere—and later in the corridor she seemed about to faint from all the emotional dynamism she expended. She has done well in her stage (*Continued on next page*)

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JULY BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in July, your birthstone is the ruby and your flower is the larkspur. Here are some of the stars who share it with you:

July 1—**Leslie Caron**
Farley Granger
Charles Laughton

July 3—**George Sanders**

July 4—**Gina Lollobrigida**
George Murphy
Eva Marie Saint

July 6—**Janet Leigh**

July 9—**Bob Hope**

July 10—**Nick Adams**
Jeff Donnell
William Smithers

July 11—**Tab Hunter**

July 14—**Polly Bergen**
Nancy Olson
Dale Robertson

July 15—**Murvyn Vye**

July 16—**Ginger Rogers**
Sonny Tufts
Millie Vitale

July 18—**Chill Wills**
Joan Evans
Red Skelton

July 19—**Patricia Medina**

July 20—**Natalie Wood**

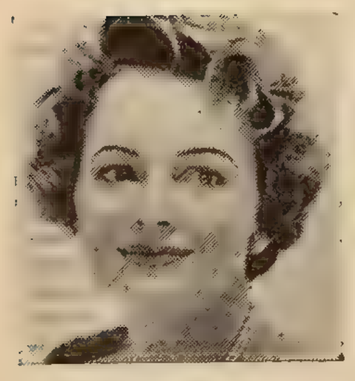
July 22—**Perry Lopez**

July 23—**Gloria DeHaven**
Michael Wilding

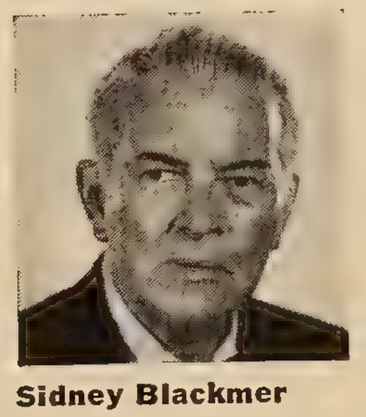
July 25—**Walter Brennan**

July 29—**Richard Egan**
Bob Horton
Stephen McNally
William Powell

July 30—**Jacques Sernas**



Olivia DeHavilland
July 1



Sidney Blackmer
July 13



Barbara Stanwyck
July 16



Keenan Wynn
July 27

HELP!

(Continued from preceding page)

appearances, but she chooses the wrong screen roles. When she does take a good one, it's hardly more than a bit (like *The Big Knife*). At thirty-five she should be on top of the heap. If ever a gal needed loyal, loving fans, this one does! Understanding fans who respect her feelings and help her feel wanted and rooted for, who understand her public blow-ups and emotional scenes. She's like Judy Garland, with loads of talent that works *for* her on stage and screen and *against* her in private life. Like Judy, Shelley's a natural to attract a large fan following—if they are mature enough to understand that Shelley needs *moral support, not autograph sessions.*

JEFF CHANDLER. Jeff's gray hair and carelessness about his figure don't help him with the young fans (even that old-man-of-the-mountain Cary Grant is careful about these items, and Cary is fifty-four to Jeff's forty-one). He got himself into a lot of silly publicity—some of it verging on the scandalous—with Esther Williams in a musical-chairs domestic session that recalled unpleasantly to the public the Errol Flynn-Nora Eddington-Dick Haymes nonsense a while back. His last pic—*Raw Wind in Eden*—was blistered by the critics. He has not gotten strong roles, his acting personality is monotonous at times. Yes, he has fans, but they are turning tepid on him. The possible solution? Get on the ball, Jeff—be a good father to your kids, get your wife situation straightened out, stop making silly private-life headlines. Hunt for good roles, and we mean *hunt*. You're forty-one; the sands in the hour-glass are running out. As to the remaining fans of Mr. Chandler, well, we say to them: the guy's at that dangerous age when a formerly sedate home-loving guy sometimes kicks over the traces. Be patient with him, keep rooting for him, and hope he pulls through this emotionally chaotic period to land on his feet.

MONTY CLIFT. Frankly, we think Monty's fan following is unfortunately very small because he never bothered to cultivate it (honest of him, maybe, but hardly politic). In fact, he has nothing of the diplomat about him at all. We won't cover the familiar ground of his personal idiosyncracies, which has been done to death, but his bad





auto accident of 1956, in which he cut his face to ribbons necessitating plastic work, his semi-romances with such older women as Libby Holman and Myrna Loy, his ghost-like, skeletal appearance, drinking bouts, movie failures (*Raintree County,* a poor box-office film; *Young Lions,* stolen by Brando and Dean Martin; *Lonelyhearts,* crucified by *Variety* and other publications) all bode ill for harassed Monty. Independent, inwardly lost and lonely, Monty is a tragic figure. But he can still act. Competent psychotherapy might give him back his faith, and joy in life. But this isn't enough. His fans—few though they may be—must keep encouraging him—helping him to help himself.

DON MURRAY. Frankly, we hate to include this nice guy Don among the 'tobogganing stars' but his current boxoffice rating makes it unavoidable. Somehow he never succeeded in catching on with the boxoffice force of contemporaries like Paul Newman and Tony Franciosa. His conservative, decent, idealistic way of life may have something to do with it. His refugee project for his religious group, The Church of the Brethren, has been well-publicized but maybe too much so. It's making Don and Hope Lange, his lovely wife, seem a bit too Sunday-schoolish. Acting and philanthropy don't go together. At least this is what Hollywood producers seem to think. And this is very unfortunate, for Don and Hope are a great credit to Hollywood, have done much for its public relations. Okay, so Don and Hope are good—and to some fans goodness spells dullness. But not to all of them. The many fans who admire Don and Hope must rally to their cause now and show producers they think Don deserves good parts. **END**

Cliff is now appearing in Columbia's BATTLE OF THE CORAL SEA.

Shelley can be seen in 20th-Fox's DIARY OF ANNE FRANK.

Jeff will appear in Paramount's THUNDER IN THE SUN.

Monty will appear in SUDDENLY LAST SUMMER *for Columbia.*

Don will appear in SHAKE HANDS WITH THE DEVIL *for United Artists.*

MAX FACTOR sets your lips aglow with IRIDESCENT MAGIC

new luminous lipstick brings them excitingly alive with soft shimmering beauty



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HI-SOCIETY CASE SHOWN—$4.50 U.S. PAT. #2830702
DIAMONDS BY MARVIN HIME, BEVERLY HILLS

IT'S NEW! IT'S DAZZLING! It's different from any lipstick you've ever known! These are truly iridescent lipcolors that gleam with silver through and through. Only from MAX FACTOR at $1.25*...each fits HI-SOCIETY... glamorous case, mirror, lipstick all-in-one.

*PLUS TAX

Special!

Introductory price on new Lustre-Creme Shampoo for shinier, easier-to-manage hair!



Lovely screen and TV star, JANE POWELL, wears the new Empire Pouf and keeps her hair shining and easy-to-manage with New Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

Foamy new lotion
economy size $1.50
Now only $1.19

Satiny new cream
economy size $2.00
Now only $1.59

Here's your chance to try this exciting new-formula Lustre-Creme Shampoo and save money, too! After your first shampoo with New Lustre-Creme you'll find your hair is shinier, easier-to-manage! And it's so easy! You just shampoo—set with plain water—and have lively, natural-looking curls! So get *your* supply of NEW Lustre-Creme *now* and discover for yourself the new reason why—



Lanolin-blessed Lustre-Creme Shampoo—now in creme, lotion and liquid, too!

4 OUT OF 5 TOP MOVIE STARS USE LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO



PHOTO SCOOP

OF THE YEAR

Since his birth, Christian Devi Brando, the son of Marlon Brando and Anna Kashfi, has been a hidden child. To the best of our knowledge, no photographs of him have ever been published anywhere in the world—until now.

We at MODERN SCREEN *are personally very happy that Anna—having recovered from the shock of her shattered marriage—is feeling today as every mother should: she's proud of her handsome son and wants to show you pictures of him. It is especially gratifying to us that, of all the magazines in this country which have been begging Anna for pictures, she has selected* MS *as the one in which she wants Christian Devi to make his first public appearance. . . .*



first
photographs
of

MARLON BRANDO'S SON



Missing from these tender photographs of Anna Kashfi and her son is Marlon Brando, who has refused to share any family photographs with the public. Yet to Anna, Marlon truly lives in these photographs—for the eyes of Christian Devi, deep-set, dark and brooding, are Marlon's eyes. To this young mother who inherited the mysteries of the East from her Hindu father, a child's eyes mirror the soul of his father. Looking into Christian's eyes she sees again the man who—despite all—gave her an intense, wonderful moment of love.

Exclusive photos by Ina Berneis



FABIAN EXPOSED

If I become a full-time singer will I ever again have a family life?

I know my voice isn't great. How long will my fans stick with me?

AM I THROWING AWAY MY WHOLE FUTURE for a few moments of fame?

We've been swamped with a ton of mail these past few weeks—all about Fabian—all asking the very same questions about him.

"Why does Fabian go by just one name?" you've asked.

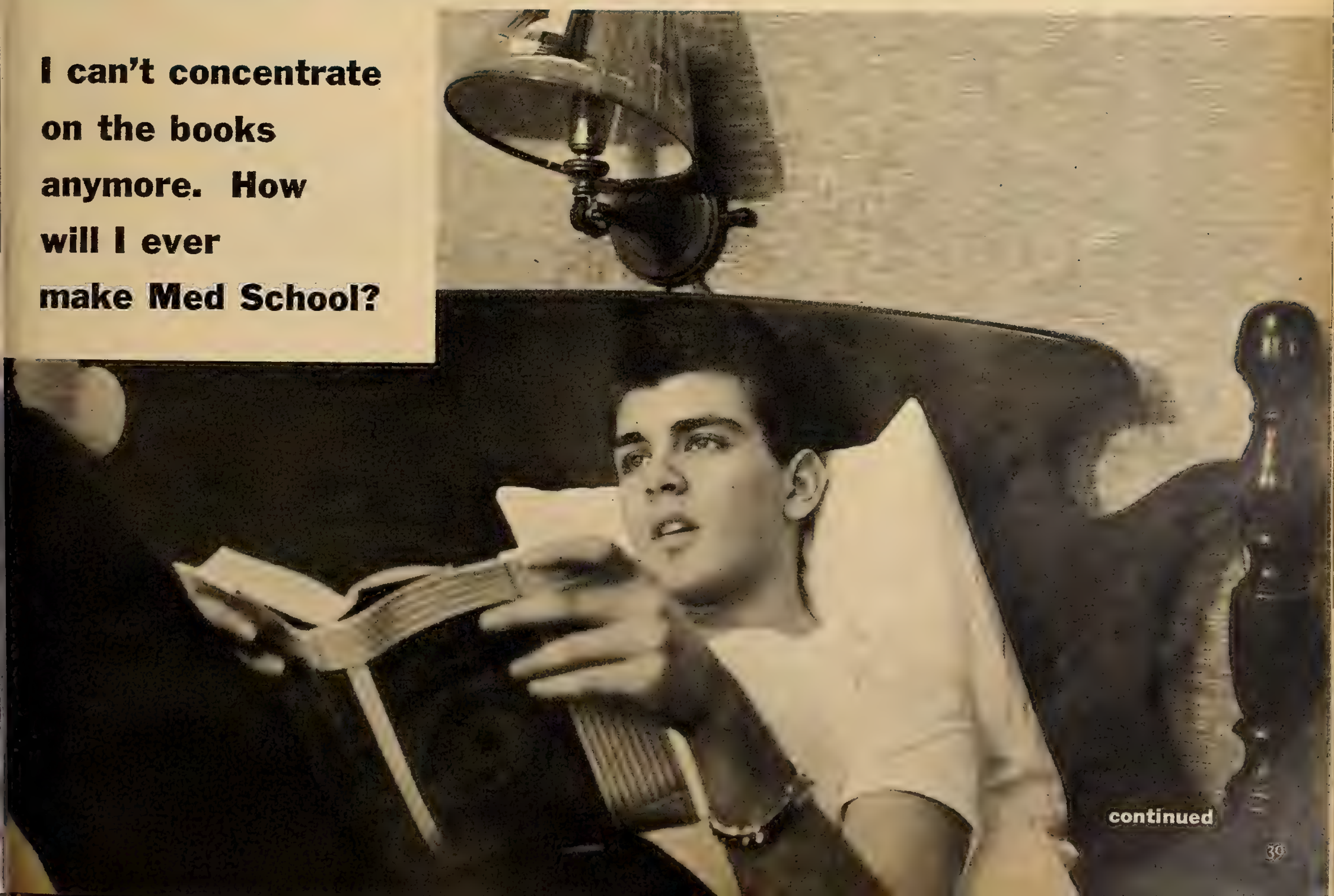
"Does Fabian have a last name?"

"Come on—what *is* his last name?"

To answer the first question first:

Fabian—the fastest-rising young singer to hit the spotlight since Elvis—goes by one name because his managers thought it would serve as a good publicity gimmick. And it has, so far. (*Continued on next page*)

I can't concentrate on the books anymore. How will I ever make Med School?



continued

To answer your second and third questions:

Yes, Fabian does have a last name.

The name is Forte.

How did we find out?

We went down to Philadelphia, Fabian's home town, and asked around.

That, frankly, was the sole purpose of our trip—to find out his name and be able to answer our mail.

But while in Philadelphia we learned more about Fabian, lots more. In fact, because the build-up that has accompanied his rise has been purposely mysterious (again that publicity gimmick), we learned facts about his life that have never before been printed.

Up till now all the information on Fabian given out to newspapers and magazines throughout the country, has been the same:

He is sixteen years old. He attends high (*Continued on page 72*)

What do I have to hope for?

What I am now . . .

I guess that's Mr. Marcucci's doing



And if I'm a star, it's because of the fans

But the long scary future . . .

That's in God's hands

It was going to be the most exciting





by Barbara Lord

When the telephone rang, and my agent, Monique James, said, "Barbara . . . are you sitting down? Prepare yourself for a shock!"—I didn't know what to expect.

I leaned against the wall, closed my eyes and waited.

There was silence.

"What is it?" I said, an uneven edge in my voice.

"Now, don't sound so sour," she said. "I've got terrific news! I was waiting for you to sit down."

"What's the news?" By this time I was really getting interested, so I sat down. "Well?" I asked.

"Ricky wants a date with you!" I could hardly believe it!

"What! Ricky!" I gasped for breath I was so dumbfounded.

"Ricky Nelson wants to go out with you. He and his dad came by my office, saw your pictures and asked me to arrange for you to be Ricky's date the night of the Thalians Ball."

I gulped. Monique knew Ricky was my idol. But I never dreamed of going out with him. This was too much. What does a girl do when the dreamboat of her life wants to date her?

Say yes, of course! But I couldn't say a word. Monique was shouting from her end, "Barbara . . . Barbara . . . Barbara . . .?"



date of my life, but...

Ricky didn't kiss me good night



while I dropped the telephone and walked to the front window of my small apartment at the Montecito Hotel and stared out at the bright sun, wondering how such good luck ever came my way.

In short, I was dumbstruck.

Monique arranged for me to meet the Nelsons at the television studio a couple of days before the 'night out.' Of course, I was delighted because I've always looked up to the Nelson family.

Ozzie is an absolutely perfect gentleman. He introduced me to Harriet who smiled and said Ricky had told her about my pretty photograph—which certainly made me feel good. Ricky, she said, was taking his guitar lesson but he was expected momentarily.

Harriet and I talked about easy things: the weather and TV and my acting aspirations. I told Harriet I remembered Ricky from his first movie *The Story of Three Loves* with James Mason and Moira Shearer. I was just a kid in pigtails, but Ricky made a very strong impression.

Finally, there was a buzz on the set from the cameramen and crew, and I looked around to see Ricky who had just arrived. Honestly, he's more handsome than his pictures. He was dressed in casual sports clothes: an open-necked white shirt with long sleeves and gray flannel trousers. Rick radiates (*Continued on page 86*)



Louella Parsons' introduces

HOLLYWOOD'S MOST EXCITING NEW GLAMOUR GIRL

SITTING across from this sparkling, gay girl at luncheon, her eyes and conversation bubbling with all the excitement of her trip to Spain, I could hardly believe it was Debbie Reynolds—a girl who, just eight months ago, was the most heartbroken person I knew.

Can it be possible it was just last September that those black headlines crashed around Debbie's heart?

EDDIE ASKS FOR HIS FREEDOM!

LOVES ELIZABETH TAYLOR!

If you count all the millions of words written about this startling triangle it could be seven years ago!

Right up to the time Debbie left for Spain on location for *It Started with a Kiss* I had been through so much heartache and unhappiness with her, practically step-by-step through the debacle, that I often wondered if she would ever get over it.

Even when she dropped by my house to see me right after her return from Europe, bringing with her those two chubby dolls, Carrie Frances and Todd, I didn't get the strong impression I did the day I lunched with her in the MGM Commissary that Debbie has undergone the cure.

For the first time, I thought as I looked at her, I was not reminded of her private heartache. Here is a person with a brand new outlook on life as well as being one of the most sought after actresses on the screen.

Gone are the pigtails and the Capri pants! She was wearing a chic little red dress she had slipped into between scenes of *It Started with a Kiss*, her hair was beautifully groomed. Still wearing her camera make-up with the emphasized



YOU WOULDN'T RECOGNIZE

THE GAY NEW SOPHISTICATED DEBBIE



eyelashes and expertly curved mouth, she looked, as Debbie seldom looked before, glamorous and exciting.

"The way you are looking these days, Debbie," I said, "makes me think that one of these days you will marry again —you'll find real happiness and your past will become just a bad dream."

I must have caught her a bit off-guard because for the first time since I had joined her she halted all that wonderful talk about Spain and looked thoughtful.

She hesitated a moment before she smiled, "That's a big question—right out of left field. But to give you a straight answer—I *hope* I marry again. I'm not soured on marriage, if that's what you mean. There isn't a woman alive who someday, someway, doesn't hope to find happiness in marriage and I'm certainly one of them." Then she smiled at me.

"I do know one thing, however," she went on with that honesty that has always marked my relations with Debbie, "and that is—Eddie Fisher always will be in my life! He is part of my past, my present and my future *because of our children.* But only, believe me, for that reason alone! Let me repeat, because of the children there will always be a bond between us and now I have the confidence to feel that our relationship will once again be friendly."

"The way things turned out, would you want to marry another actor, another star?" I asked. "Or are you hoping to meet a man in some other line of work?"

"Who knows what the future will bring?" she *(Continued on page 80)*



One of Debbie's closest new friends is the glamorous Eva Gabor.



Like this car of the future, the new Debbie is bright and shiny and ready to go.

"Life is so exciting I can hardly eat," says Debbie. She's even meeting royalty. Here she's chatting with King Hussein of Jordan.



Joan Crawford:



LOVE AND DIED

BEFORE the gold altar banked with lilies, a bronze coffin, covered with a single spray of red roses, gleamed in the yellow sunlight streaming through the stained glass windows of St. Thomas' Church in New York. Heavily veiled and dressed in the widow's black of mourning, Joan Crawford choked back the tears of heartbreak as she prayed near the body of her husband, Alfred Steele. The Reverend Frederick Morris delivered a eulogy to a man who had made only friends, a man who didn't believe in enemies. In the hushed quiet of the vaulted chapel a boys' choir of forty voices sang *The Strife is O'er* and *Hark, Hark My Soul.* In a moment Joan and her twin daughters, Cathy and Cindy, followed the dark coffin borne by pallbearers, to the shiny black hearse waiting in the April sunlight. Ushered by the helpful hand of a close friend, Joan, after halting to wipe her eyes, stepped into the first of the eighteen black limousines in the funeral cortege to be driven to Ferncliff Mausoleum where her husband would be entombed . . . The love that had come so late to Joan Crawford was snatched, so untimely, away from her, and from this day would be no more. . . .

After three unhappy marriages—to Philip Terry, Franchot Tone, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.—Joan accepted the fact she would never find love again. She was no longer a young woman, and with three failures behind her— She had her four adopted children, and her charity work—she would build her life around these. For her, love would never happen. This Joan Crawford believed.

Then she met Alfred Steele. On May 10, 1955, they eloped to Las Vegas. Joan Crawford was almost fifty years old, but for her a new life (*Continued on page 71*)

CAME SO LATE



SO SOON...



We called Vic Damone at Fresno and we talked to him for forty-five minutes. This is what he told us.

PIER ANGELI kidnapped

Vic Damone spoke to us long distance to clear up the whole story about Pier and him. He started to say:

"I'm tired of being pushed around. I feel sunk at being deprived of seeing my son, Perry. I was just getting used to the fact that my marriage was over, and then I get this jolt that my wife might be taking my son away from me —to Europe for four months, maybe longer.

"I would have agreed to her taking the baby to Europe, but it's the way she did it that burned me up. I felt that I had to do something desperate to keep her from taking him away.

"What happened was this: I had just flown in from New York where I had done a Garry Moore TV show. I flew in to California specifically to see my son. My work takes me all over, and I like to have my child in California so that at least I can see him when I'm home.

"I didn't know until that Sunday morning (before Pier left for Europe) that she was planning to go to Europe for a long time to make a picture, or a couple of pictures. I was in Fresno, California, where I have a ranch when I got a call from my lawyer telling me that Pier was going to Europe and was going to take Perry with her. I was told that she planned to leave for Europe the following Tuesday night. According to our divorce decree, Pier can take the baby out of the country for a period not to exceed nine months. I'd agreed to that provision.

"I was asked to give my permission for her to take *(Continued on next page)*



CONTINUED

Perry with her to Europe this time, and I gave it. I was told they'd be gone two months.

"I'm tired of being painted the villain in this thing, and I want to point out that I did give my permission for my wife to take our son to Europe.

"But I can't be taken advantage of. I love my boy, and didn't want to be pushed around like an outsider. I said I would come to Bel-Air for a few days so that I could spend as much time with my son before he left. After all, I wasn't going to see him for several months, and I didn't think I was asking too much to have Pier arrange for him



"How can a mother kidna
is with me, and nobod

to spend as much time with me as possible before he left.

"I checked into the Bel-Air Sands Hotel, just about a block away from where Pier lives. I didn't go up to her house to pick up the baby; ever since our divorce it has become increasingly difficult for me and Pier to see each other. We fight too much these days. Whenever I'd go up to the house there would be a hassle; Pier would get overwrought and call her attorney. I thought it would be better if I didn't come to the house.

"I arranged to have the nurse bring Perry to me. *(Continued on page 81)*



En route to London to make a movie, Pier and her 'kidnapped' son Perry got off the plane at Copenhagen (left). Later she was met by her twin sister Marissa Pavan and they drove to the glamorous Dorchester hotel in Mayfair, London, where MODERN SCREEN *caught Pier leaning from the window of her apartment.*



her own son? I only know that my boy

s ever going to take him away from me."

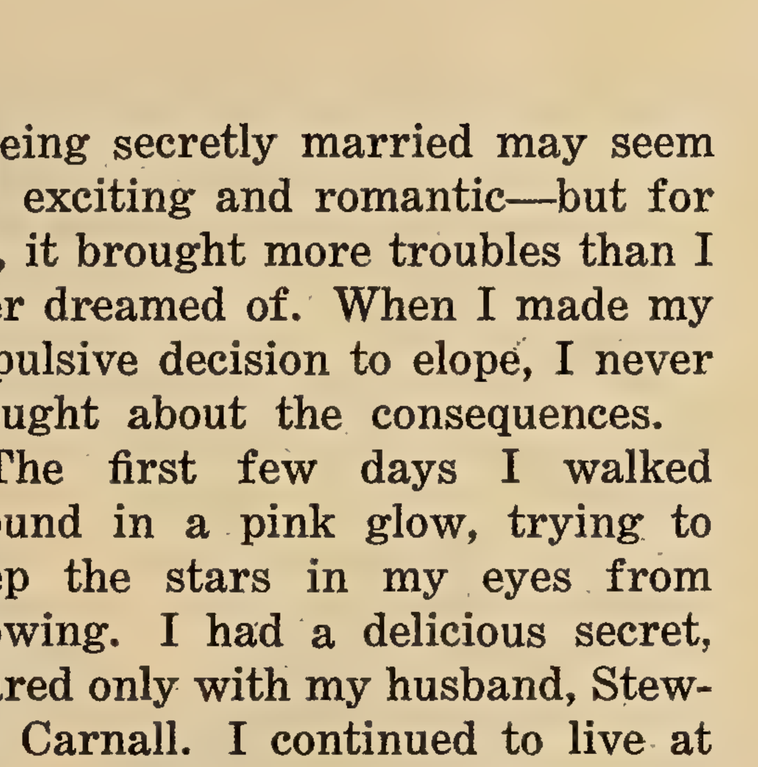



THE
TROUBLE
WITH BEING
SECRETLY MARRIED...

Editor's note: One eighth of all seventeen-year-old girls today are married. Of all these teen-age marriages, many are secret. Here, for the benefit of all our teen-age readers, is the confession of one seventeen-year-old girl (Hollywood starlet Lorrie Collins) about her very own special troubles....

Being secretly married may seem exciting and romantic—but for me, it brought more troubles than I ever dreamed of. When I made my impulsive decision to elope, I never thought about the consequences.

The first few days I walked around in a pink glow, trying to keep the stars in my eyes from showing. I had a delicious secret, shared only with my husband, Stewart Carnall. I continued to live at home, just as though nothing had happened, but I couldn't tell my parents. It was because of them that I had to keep my marriage a secret. (More on this later.) I couldn't even tell my dearest friends, girls or boys. And that's where the most awful trouble began. I had to hurt one of the nicest boys I know, hurt him badly and not even explain....



On the right is my husband, Stewart Carnall. He knew I was going out on a date with Frankie Avalon.
At left is Frankie. He didn't know I was a married woman trapped into playing games with his heart. . . .

That boy was Frankie Avalon. I had met him the summer I was sixteen, when I was going steady with Ricky Nelson. I liked Frankie right away, admired him—nothing more of course, because I thought I was in love with Rick. But the romance blew up, because Ricky didn't belong to me and never could. The break-up left me terribly hurt.

Perhaps I'm a possessive type of girl. Anyway, I wanted to be first in some man's life—someone who belonged to me, someone I belonged to. And then Stewart Carnall came along. My kid brother Larry, and I were (*Continued on page 84*)

LIZ TAYLOR'S PLEDGE:

I will be

The story of Elizabeth Taylor's new-found faith—a faith that has brought confidence and warmth into Eddie Fisher's troubled heart—goes back to a Spring day when she and Mike Todd were first married. . . .

It was a little after 5:00 in the afternoon.

Mike was lying on the couch in the living room of the big Beverly Hills house they'd just rented.

Liz walked in.

"Honey," she said, "where would you like to eat tonight?"

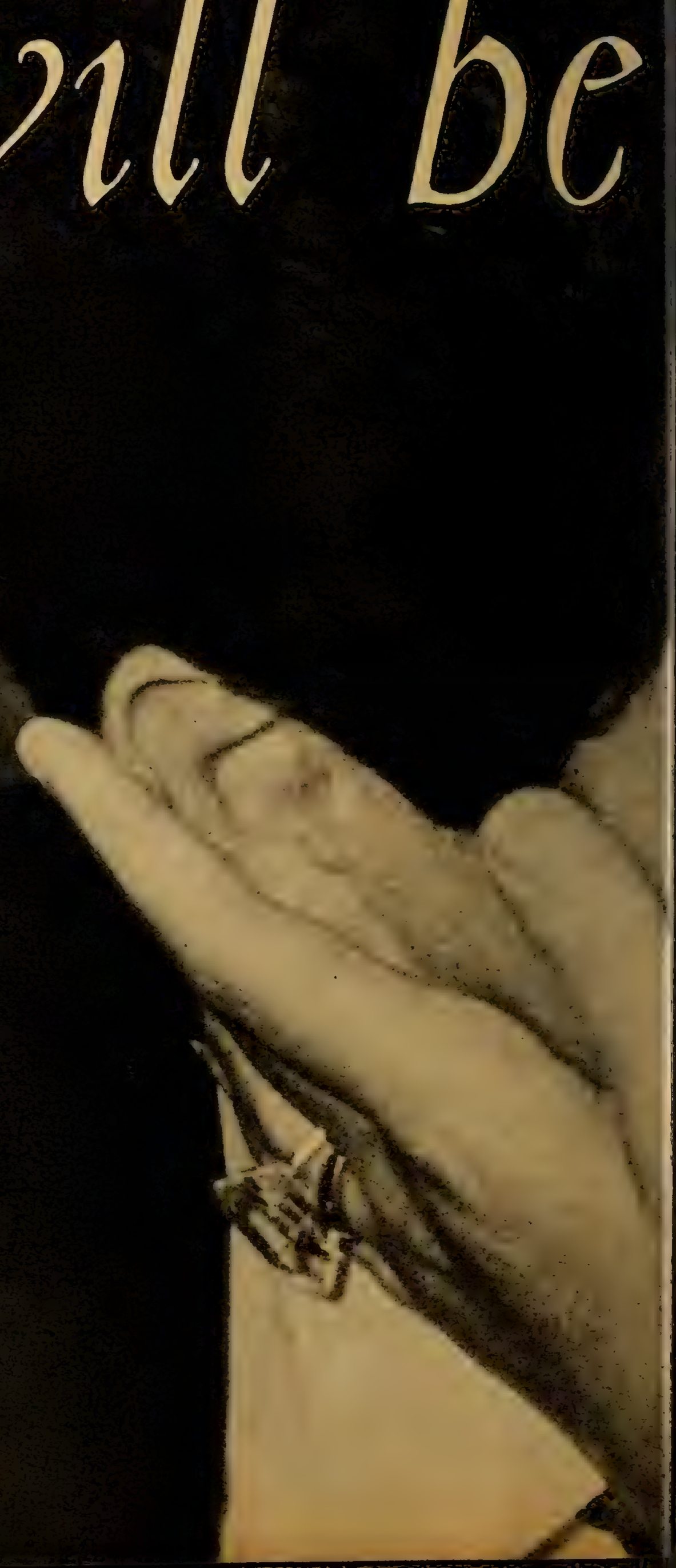
"I'm not eating tonight," Mike said.

Liz sat down beside him. "Is this old hungry-horse talking?" she asked.

"I don't eat tonight," Mike said. "It's *Yom Kippur*."

Liz nodded. Then she sat back. "That's the Day of Atonement or something, isn't it?" Liz asked.

"The day we fast," Mike said, "—and hope the Big Guy upstairs'll forgive us for any bad we've (*Continued on page 77*)



faithful

I not bring another child into the world only to give it pain

She stood on the green lawn outside the house her third husband had bought for her, and thought of the long way she had come. It was as though all the twisted roads of her life had, in the end, led here, and she was home safe at last, with Robertino's horse in the stable, and the little girls' pink elephant on the grass, and violets growing silently under the hedges.

In Paris, twenty-five miles away, the papers were full of the news that she was going to have a baby, and she had not denied this. Another baby. Another act of faith for Ingrid Bergman. She was a woman who had gambled, and lost, and gambled again—but she had never known when she was beaten. Always ahead of her, the shining future beckoned.

Perhaps this time, she must have been thinking, standing in the sweet country twilight, *perhaps this time a baby who will grow up feeling safe, and important, who won't be torn by his parents—*

On an April evening, when your throat breaks with spring, it is easy to make promises—promises to yourself, and to an unborn child. This time, though, the promise would have to be kept, and Ingrid knew it. She was forty-four, and she would not get another chance to begin again. . . .

And where had it all gone wrong before? And how had all the children got hurt? All the little children, even the child that she once was.

She was two when her mother died. (*Continued on page 75*)

what I saw in marilyn's palm

by Stephanos, Palmist to the Stars

Amagansett's a small seaside town on Long Island, only three hours away from New York; and its most popular summer citizen is Marilyn Monroe. This spring I had the special pleasure of meeting her. Marilyn and her husband, Broadway playwright Arthur Miller, were in Amagansett for the week end, freshening their summer cottage for the season ahead. I was visiting theatrical friends, and we all met at a Sunday afternoon cocktail party honoring Shakespeare's birthday. Marilyn was helping the hostess.

Marilyn was a living doll. She passed trays and trays of fancy hors d'oeuvres —caviar, sturgeon and rolled anchovies—to the guests. I heard her ask the hostess several times, "Is there anything else I can do for you, honey?" When she bounced over to me with a canape tray, her long, fluffy blonde hair shimmering like white gold, I couldn't take my eyes off her. She was wearing a pink gauzy dress that made her complexion look all the more lovable. "Hey," she said, holding the tray with one hand, "I've heard all about you." She giggled and tossed her head back, and with her free hand she twirled the flapperish rope of pearls around her neck. "You're the palm reader! Everyone in Hollywood says you're fantastic." Then she smiled and closed her eyes for a second. "What's . . . what's your price?"

I told her my price was the pleasure a palm-reading would bring her. She smiled again. She said she'd heard about all the palms I'd read—Kim Novak's, Tab Hunter's, Olivia de Havilland's, so many others. "What," she said, looking deep into my eyes, "is palmistry?"

I explained that palmistry, the ancient art of reading the lines in the palm, revealed character—*primarily; and no sooner did I finish my sentence than she thrust her palm out in front of me and said, "Wanna see if I've got any?"*

I began studying her soft, pink palm in the roomful of chattering people, but she said, "Listen! Don't you think we ought to have a little atmosphere?" And she led me, her palm in mine, to the breezy porch where she lighted a candle in a hurricane lamp since it was dusk. The two of us sat across a glass-topped wrought-iron table, our reflections flickering in the sparkling table-top, and I commenced to read her palm.

While it wouldn't be fair to reveal *everything about Marilyn's palm, nonetheless here are the penetrating* highlights *of our session together.*

First: her love line. It's fantastic. It screams, cries, begs (Continued on page 84)



IF YOU DRIVE

OR GO OUT WITH BOYS WHO DRIVE—

please, please read

what Edd Byrnes

has to say about

his own experience

with cars



A lot of young actors and actresses drive sports cars, and some of them are racing enthusiasts who compete in drag strip contests.

But I've driven a car with sirens blazing, through tortuous traffic in the heart of jam-packed Manhattan, with death as my passenger. For me, no drag race could compete with that!

Yes, I was an ambulance driver in New York. I know what it means to have a dying passenger and have to get to the hospital in split-second time and *safely*.

For six months, just before and after I was nineteen, I drove that ambulance. I had driven an ice truck and a *Time & Life* magazine delivery truck before that. I knew my way around a car. I was—and I am—a good driver, or I would never have been permitted to drive an ambulance. (*Continued on page 85*)

if you are

UNDER 21

and you think you look too fat...

DEAR EDITOR:

I have been on and off diets for as long as I can remember, but I still look fat. I'm 5′ 4″ and weigh 125 pounds and I measure 35-26-37, which is simply awful. I wear size 12 and I know I'd look a million times better if I could only get down to a 9. When I do lose a few ounces, they don't stay lost and I can't seem to lose enough to count. I'm tired of looking so tubby.

Fran

GEORGIA



please turn page

if you are UNDER 21
and you think you look too fat...

lose 10 pounds in

DEAR FRAN:

People used to be interested in baseball, music, fashions, oh a million things . . . Not any more. Pick up any magazine or eavesdrop on most conversations . . . Big subject? Dieting! Everybody's on a diet or planning or complaining about one. It's a national fad!

But you know, Fran, it's a lot of nonsense. If you really need to lose weight, sure you have to diet. But can every girl have an 18-inch waistline? Must you? Never! But you can look slimmer without a diet and *right now*.

Just dig Venus de Milo for example. She's been the ideal of beauty for centuries, but do you think *she* slithers into a size nine? Not on your life. The Goddess of Love boasts solid measurements like yours: 37-26-38. She'd need a few slenderizing *tricks* to attract whistles in this century.

A lot of girls feel as you do, Fran—miserable because they can't slide through key holes. Venus probably would be unhappy with her full figure if (*Continued on page* 83)



a. b.

a. It's not how much you weigh but how much you look. Here's a team of undercover weapons to make you look slim. The lightweight Skippies panty girdle of smooth nylon power net has satin elastic panels to flatten your tummy and trim your hips for the sleekest dress. With detachable garters, for $5. It is teamed with a youthful Romance bra of cotton batiste with circle-stitched cups, at $2. Both by Formfit.

b. Slender appearance requires the proper undergarments beneath everything you wear, even shorts, slacks—possibly even a brief bathing suit. Here's a lightweight brief cut so daintily it can be worn without detection under the briefest of garments. Fashioned of nylon power net with garter attachments—to wear with a dress—the Spindrift Brief is piggy-bank priced at $3. Planned especially for very young junior figures, the white cotton broadcloth Undertone bra is delicately embroidered and offers marvelous light control at $1.50. Both garments by Maidenform.

10 minutes



LOOK SLIMMER IMMEDIATELY *1. Never wear tight clothes or wide, tight belts. 2. Never wear tight or printed pedal pushers. When pants are essential wear slacks but in solid colors only and as rarely as possible. 3. Never slump. Check your posture carefully and stand up tall and erect. 4. Never wear fluffy, bouffant scattered hairdos. They add more width to a chubby face. Stick to smooth and simple styles. 5. Never dress without a really good girdle and bra to smooth your curves. A professional fitter is your best ally so let her help you select them. 6. Never wear masses of accessories. Heavy jewelry makes you look heavier and matronly. 7. Never wear make-up that is lighter than your skin. Powder a half-shade darker than your complexion will help slim a baby face where a lighter tone would just make it look rounder. 8. Never wear fur collars, bulky knit sweaters, or thick socks. They all add poundage that lighter fabrics would prevent.*

OR PLAN A DIET *1. If you are between 13 and 15, multiply your weight by 20; if you are 16 to 21, multiply your weight by 17. That's how many calories you need daily to keep your present weight. To lose, just subtract 500 a day from that total. For example, if you are 15 and weigh 110 pounds, you can eat 2,200 calories a day. To lose weight, subtract 500 and make it 1,700 a day tops. Simple? 2. Check with your family doctor before beginning a serious diet. 3. Lose weight by cutting down on sweets and fatty dishes. But don't eliminate milk, fresh vegetables, or protein-rich meats and eggs—they keep you healthy. 4. Eat your food broiled or boiled, never fried in grease or baked in gravies. 5. Eat half a grapefruit, cantaloupe, or head of lettuce before each meal. Very low in calories, these won't leave you hungry for too much additional food. 6. Drink gelatin dissolved in fruit juice between meals. This serves to curb your appetite and also gives you an extra dose of valuable protein. 7. Exercise regularly to tighten your body to its shrinking weight. Without exercise, a loss of weight will leave you flabby and fleshy even though the scales register a slimmer you. 8. Lose weight slowly so that it will stay lost. Quick losses through fad diets are just as quickly regained. 9. If you feel a tremendous craving for an occasional malt or potato chip, go ahead and have it. Just trim elsewhere on your daily calorie intake to make up for it. And don't give in too often but an occasional slip helps the morale. 10. Remember, the only thing that makes you fat is food. The only way to lose weight is to eat less. But do it sensibly!*



ADVISORY BOARD

EDITH HEAD
Fashion Designer for Paramount Pictures

HELEN HUNT
Hair Stylist of Columbia Pictures

BEN BARD
Director of New Talent at Twentieth Century-Fox

GORDON BAU
Head of Makeup Department of Warner Brothers

FRANKIE VAN
Figure Consultant for Universal-International

PAULINE KESSINGER
Commissary Director at Paramount Pictures

PAT McNALLEY
Head of Makeup Department at Walt Disney

DEAR EDITOR:
I look as dated as the Model T. And it's all my own fault. I simply loved the chemise dresses that were so big last year and bought three perfectly great ones. So this year I'm really dead. The chemise is gone and I simply don't have a *thing* to wear. The only thing I can think to do is to take them to a dressmaker and have them made over into sheaths. But this would cost $7 for each around here and I just plain *can't* afford it. Can I wear them anyhow or what should I do?

ANN—OHIO

DEAR ANN:
Model T's are always in style if they are real classics and kept polished and smart. Yes, last year's chemise was a whirlwind fashion and it really has swept by. But you don't have to retailor your chemises. They *can* look classic and smart with just a bit of ingenuity. Use your imagination. . . . Edith Head offers a few suggestions to transform a perfectly plain beige chemise and get you started: 1. Belt it snugly with a beige, amber and green striped tie-silk belt; 2. Tack beige grosgrain ribbons on either side of the dress about an inch in front and back of the side seams and tie them in two neat bows; 3. Loop a wide brown satin ribbon under the bosom with flying tails, accented by a gold clip at the tie; 4. Make a cream, coral and beige over-skirt of floral silk organza; 5. Slip-stitch a brown velvet ribbon under the bosom and tie the bow in the front. You can give your chemise the high waisted look so in vogue this year, or any other look that you like. Just use a dash of imagination and *you* can transform them into this season's models with a bit of neat chrome. . . .

DEAR EDITOR:
Have you ever seen a clown all made up with a pasty white face and two little arched triangles brightly painted where eyebrows should be? Honest, that's what I look like. My problem is simply those eyebrows. Mine are very thin, short, and I don't have too many of them. When I wear eye pencil on them I have to add a lot for the ones I don't have and I look terribly made up. Can you tell me how I can wear my pencil so it doesn't look so oddball?

KATHERINE—MASSACHUSETTS

DEAR KATHERINE:
Laugh, clown, laugh. There's no need to wear a long face or a pasty looking one either. Eyebrows are the single part of a girl's face where she is most likely to goof on makeup. If your eyebrows are sparse, then the first thing you must do is be careful in plucking them. Never remove the hairs growing *above* your brows. Tweezers should be used to remove fuzz between your brows, over the bridge of your nose, and below the brow line only. Next, inspect a recent photograph of yourself and decide on the brow shaping most flattering to *your* face. Try various shapes on tissue paper and place them over the photograph to help you decide.

Gordon Bau suggests that "fundamental brow makeup requires a good, sharp pencil, short and delicate strokes, and careful shaping. Never apply the pencil in a solid line above your eyes. That's the way to create the clown look you dislike. Use short, feathery strokes, pencilling additional tiny hairs rather than a solid and ugly brow line." Finally, soften the effect with a touch of cotton and then your brows will be both flattering and natural in appearance. . . .

(*Continued on page* 70)

CAMPANA

Makes this Astonishing Offer



What type are you?

Try all 3 of these famous Campana Make-ups in your home for only $1.00

Now, for a dollar, make the most important beauty discovery of your lifetime. Discover which kind of make-up makes you look loveliest! Campana has prepared a special combination package to make this possible. It contains *all 3* famous Campana Make-ups—as shown above—not sample sizes.

1. Solitair—wonder-working cake, hides every little blemish—your complexion looks flawless.
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You'll look different in each make-up. Even your personality seems to change. *Which* you do *you* want to present to your world? Try all 3 make-ups, and compare. Wear them different days—see which makes you loveliest. Keep the others for special occasions—or pass them on to a friend. All 3, plus a Solitair Lipstick, sent post-paid for only $1.00 (Campana even pays the U.S. tax!). What value—what an interesting test and exciting discovery, for you! Offer limited—send coupon now.

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"Make-up Wardrobe" package includes one each of Solitair, Sheer Magic and Magic Touch make-ups, plus Solitair Ravishing Red Lipstick, and complete make-up instruction booklet, all for $1.00. Use coupon below.

(Please allow several weeks for delivery. Each "Wardrobe" is mailed separately.)

Campana Sales Company, Dept. 114, Batavia, Illinois:

Enclosed is $_____ ($1.00 for each "Make-up Wardrobe" wanted, limit of 5). Send_____ Wardrobes, each with free lipstick, postpaid, in shades suitable for complexion checked below:

Fair_____ Medium_____ Dark_____

(If more than 1 Wardrobe is ordered, list number wanted for each complexion.)

Name_____

(PLEASE PRINT)

Address_____

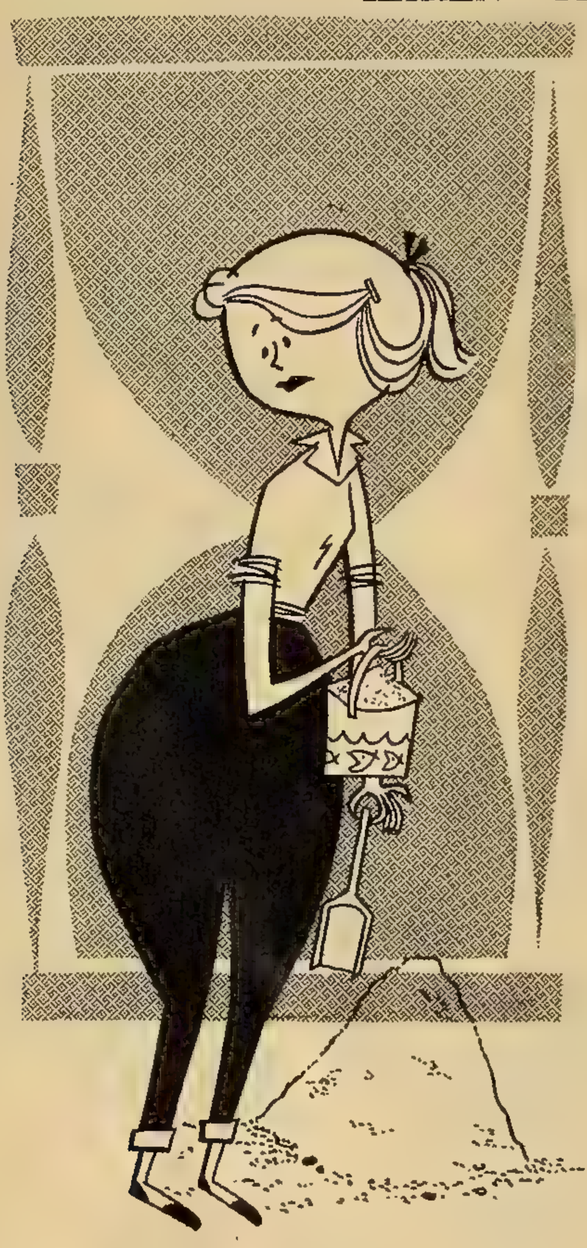
City & State_____

Offer good in U.S.A. only—expires August 31, 1959. Please allow several weeks for delivery. Where more than one "Wardrobe" is ordered, each is mailed separately.

HELP *continued*

DEAR EDITOR:
I have a horribly boyish figure except for really tremendous hips. It's just ridiculous because I measure 33-22-37. I'm awfully embarrassed about it but when I diet I just lose in my waist and my bustline. My hips stay as big as ever. I go wild for slim sheath dresses on other girls, but how can *I* wear them myself with such a stupid figure?

KAREN—TEXAS



DEAR KAREN:
Your figure sounds like the traditional hour glass in which all the sand has slipped to the *bottom*. No, dieting probably wouldn't solve your problem but a combination of the right exercises could. . . . In the meantime, what you need are some undercover weapons: the right bra and girdle to *flatter* your figure. Since your waist is tiny, don't try to make it smaller or you'll only emphasize your hips. Wear a long-legged panty girdle to slim those hips, one with a natural waistline but rigid thigh control. And try a brassiere with an up-and-out contoured cup design to make your figure more feminine. Perhaps even one of the bras with a slightly stiffened under-cup. This is not padding really and looks very natural. Slip the smartest sheath dress over such support and you'll look great, Karen. It's just a matter of *redistributing* the sands in that hourglass. . . .

DEAR EDITOR:
I want so very badly to go to the senior prom this year. Last year I cried my heart out watching all the other kids getting ready and going. I have nobody I can really tell everything to so that's why I'm writing to you. My problem is simple: my face! I have a very wide nose and a long and narrow face. To make things even worse, I have to wear glasses all the time. I have heard the kids calling me the "Witch." If you could only know how deeply that hurts me. Please give me some ideas as to what I could do to look a little more attractive.

CAROL—PENNSYLVANIA

DEAR CAROL:
Cruel and immature people who use such heartless nicknames are really not worthy of your consideration. But since every girl must look her best, you *can* easily minimize your problems. Helen Hunt suggests that you wear your hair long because "a long face looks best when framed in hair. Allow for enough hair to dip over your forehead and at the side to widen your face, plus enough to fall below your jawline and give it the illusion of greater width." Since you wear glasses, avoid big bangs. Instead sweep your hair to one side to reveal your brow. Remember that eyeglass lenses magnify your eyes and make them look sparkling and large. Because of that magnification you must avoid bright eye shadows and when you wear eye make-up stick to the browns and grays instead. Your nose can look narrower by a simple trick: apply a drop of eye shadow along each side of your nose. But be sure to blend it into your skin so that it is practically invisible. It will create the shadows that will narrow your nose. You see, Carol, if you face the problem that your face creates you can lick it, and transform yourself into the local Cinderella. . . .

DEAR EDITOR:
I've gone on plenty of diets, even taken some of those wild pills, but I'm *still* too fat. I'm really not such a big eater and I don't even gorge on sweets. That is, I don't sit around with my arm stuck in a bowl of candy like some kids. But I can't lose weight because I bring my lunch to school in a sack. Could you help me with this? I know it sounds screwy. My meals are proportioned enough and I don't eat between meals except sometimes a hamburger or a malt with the gang after a movie. It's just those *lunches:* I can't stand bringing celery or raw carrots and I know those sandwiches just pile on the weight.

NANCY—FLORIDA



DEAR NANCY:
Sandwiches are not poison. There's nothing deadly to your waistline about a sandwich for lunch; it's what's in it that makes all the difference. Two slices of bread total 126 calories and you can stuff them with any lean meat, eggs, or cheese for lots of proteins and few calories. It's the *dressings* that put on the weight. For *each* teaspoon of butter slapped on the bread it's an extra 33 fatty calories; for each spoon of mayonnaise you're slurping up 31 units of fat. Pauline Kessinger suggests that "if you must eat sandwiches for lunch make it lean meat or swiss cheese on *dry* toast or bread." For dessert, have an apple or fruit jello, without the whipped cream. Of course, when you can get salads, without dressing, they are superior to sandwiches. "The hamburger is okay for the late snack," says Miss Kessinger. "Eat half of the bun and skip the mayonnaise. Substitute a scoop of sherbet (118) for the malt (280). If this sounds dull to you, perhaps you may be interested to know that Tuesday Weld keeps her weight down by the same routine that I've suggested to you. Take a look at her in *Five Pennies* and you'll see the slender results."

Love Came Too Late

(*Continued from page 48*)

had begun. Before her marriage Joan would not get near an airplane. With her husband, she put fear aside and together they flew across the world. She gave up her movie career and devoted herself to her husband and his interests. "Ours is a husband-and-wife team," she said. "I love every minute of it. The reality of it is even more unbelievable than some of the movie parts I've portrayed."

Alfred was all Joan wanted in a man ("I've never been happier," she had often said after their marriage). He was full of kindness and tenderness and warm understanding. Everyone who knew them insisted it was difficult to imagine two human beings more in love. Immediately after their marriage, Alfred had Joan's initials embossed in sterling silver on the doors of his executive limousines and on all his office accessories. Joan, through all the days of their marriage, never permitted the cook to fix breakfast for Alfred (except once when Joan had an attack of the flu). "When you're in love," Joan said, "you just can't do enough to please the person who gives you such happiness!"

Their duplex penthouse on East 70th Street, overlooking the rolling hills of Central Park, was Love House to anyone who knew them. Then, on that fateful Sunday morning of April 19th, Joan went to awaken her husband for breakfast and found him dead of a heart attack. Only the day before they had returned from a whirlwind cross-country tour in behalf of Alfred's work as Chairman of the Board of the Pepsi-Cola Corporation. They were planning a leisurely holiday in the sun of Jamaica later that week.

Shocked, distraught, and trembling uncontrollably, Joan clutched at the bed where her husband lay, cried out weakly for the servants, and then collapsed. When she recovered, she went into deep mourning for the man she'd often said she "simply couldn't live without."

And the world waited, wondering—could Joan face a life alone. . . ?

Joan as a child

The spirit with which Joan Crawford may face her widowhood—this greatest trial of her life—had its beginnings in her earliest childhood. Lucille LeSeuer (Joan's real name) had the prettiest and widest blues eyes of any six-year-old girl in the town of Lawton, Oklahoma. One day she stepped on a broken bottle, and was told she'd never walk again. For nearly two years she lay still in her bed in that modest, cramped house her parents lived in; for little Lucy grew up in poverty. Confined to her bed day after day, Lucy gave up her thrilling dream of becoming a dancer and tried to endure this trial bravely.

But she had given her heart meanwhile to the neighbor who had saved her—Donald Blanding, tall and handsome and twenty years old. Donald found little Lucy bleeding on the sidewalk and carried her home. Every day he visited the bedridden youngster. He tried to encourage her to walk, but no sooner would she hobble out of bed than she'd pass out. To alleviate the pain, her mother would press an ether cone to her face, and the little girl, choked and groggy with ether, wondered if she would ever live a normal life like the other kids.

But Donald, a poet, came to Lucy's bedside every day and read her religious poems and stories. And, more than that, he offered her untiring encouragement and the selfless love of a friend.

And Lucille LeSeuer, from those early years, wished she could give some of the love in her heart to the world, to the people in desperate need of help: the bedridden, the sick and the needy.

With Donald's comforting and friendly



Set pin curls in seconds with Colour Klippies. Wear these same colorful clips in public to hold straying curls...and straying glances. Campus cuties love 'em...and so will you! Lady Ellen Colour Klippies match or blend with any hair shade, hair style or costume. Select your own personal color from six lovely pastels: **Pink, Black, Shell, Amber, Crystal, Sky Blue.**

Glamorous Colour Klippies set curls with jet speed. They spring open at fingertip touch, glide quickly and easily onto curls. Klippies hug your curls gently, hold them securely with firm, even tension. The **only** clip used by 90% of all beauticians. Buy Colour Klippies—8 for 29¢—at your variety, drug, food and department store and in beauty shops.

Write today for 16-page illustrated booket, "How to Set a Pin Curl." Included Free is a Klippies Code that tells you how boy friends react to certain colors. Send 10¢ to Lady Ellen, Dept. MS-77, Los Angeles 51, California.



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love and with his undying faith in her recovery, she learned to walk again. Proud of having conquered her infirmity, Lucy began teaching herself to dance. . . .

The long way up

At sixteen, Lucy, who was to become one of the most glamorous movie queens in history—Joan Crawford—began her screen career in Hollywood. But this was after a long stint of hard work as a waitress, a back-line dancer in a cabaret revue and a chorus girl in a Broadway musical, *Innocent Eyes*.

Not long after her screen test, she became ill with tonsilitis. She didn't know what to do. Her fear of doctors, deeply rooted from her bedridden years as a child, held her back from visiting a physician. Finally a friend suggested she meet Dr. William E. Branch in Los Angeles—"the kindest, most fatherly doctor in the world." Dr. Branch removed Joan's tonsils, and she was so taken with his easy and gentle manner she asked if she could help him in some way with his work.

After checking with friends, Joan learned that Dr. Branch cherished a lifelong dream of a clinic, and she vowed she would put her earnings into a ward for the needy if he received the bank-financing for the hospital.

"For every floor you build," Joan promised, "I'll give you a bed." The elderly Dr. Branch, moved by teenager Joan's anxiousness to help the sick and to allot her modest starlet's earnings to his hospital, agreed to perform free surgery for the patients chosen to use Joan's ward of eight donated beds.

To this day, Joan maintains complete support of 'her' ward at Hollywood Presbyterian Hospital, and she's refused to have her good deed publicized.

"I support it because I want to," she told an interviewer when asked about it, "not because I want to see my name in the newspapers. But I'll say this. Anyone who loves helping people is selfish. Why? Because of the great satisfaction it gives them. There's such a deep spiritual comfort in knowing you've been able to help a fellow man!"

Joan's contribution

When World War II broke out, Joan wanted to contribute her services to the war effort. She was working in front of the movie cameras from dawn to sunset, so she offered her evenings to the Hollywood Canteen. Many of the other actresses sang for the boys in uniform or danced with them on the crowded dance floor. But Joan saw a need for someone to write letters for the lonesome GIs—and that's what she did, signing hundreds of letters each night with her inimitable signature.

Joan became so interested in the canteen's activities she enlisted the mothers of the stars as kitchen-help. "My mother and Gary Cooper's mom were among the moms who made sandwiches and served soft drinks for the fellows until all hours of the night."

She helped the Home

At that time the late Jean Hersholt told Joan of his interest in establishing a Motion Picture Relief Fund Home for aging actors, and Joan not only contributed her salary from ten hour-long radio shows, but she also asked support from Barbara Stanwyck, Spencer Tracy and other top stars. All of them rallied to the cause, and in time Jean Hersholt saw his dream come true.

Joan has imparted her love for her fellow man to her children. Three times a year, Joan's adopted children—Christine, 18, Christopher, 16, and the twins, Cynthia and Cathy, both 12—collect clothes and toys from neighborhood families for the Hollywood Guild which looks after the children of destitute film actors. Joan has also asked her children to contribute gifts from their own wardrobes. And she's taught them to "give the things they love!"

Joan says, "Giving the things you want to throw away isn't *giving*. It's cleaning out the closet. When you give, you must *give with love!*"

Several years ago when the luxury liner, the Andrea Doria, crashed and sank in the Atlantic Ocean, Joan's children were sailing on the Ile de France to spend part of the summer in England with relatives. The Ile de France, not far from the scene of the disaster, was cabled to pick up the survivors of the sinking ship. The Ile de France had been two days at sea, took two days to return to New York to discharge the survivors, and then sailed during the next four days for England. Joan, who speaks to her children every night when she's away from them, tried to telephone the Ile de France to see how they were, but she couldn't make any ship-to-shore connections. Finally, after their ship docked in Southampton, Joan reached them and she was not only happy to know they were well, but she was especially proud to hear them report they'd given most of their belongings to the poor survivors from the Andrea Doria who climbed aboard the Ile de France in the dead of night in pajamas and robes.

The funds Joan helped

Always the first to rally to a friend in need, Joan is beloved by her co-workers and neighbors. One morning as she was preparing for her day at her studios, she stood by her bedroom window to breathe in the rosy freshness of dawn, and she saw her neighbor, film director Ralph Wheelright, in his bathrobe, talking hysterically to one of his associates from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in the front yard. Something was the matter. Running downstairs quickly, Joan asked Ralph if there was trouble.

"I've just been told," he said, his eyes brimming with tears, "that my son is dying of leukemia." Ralph's eight-year-old son was the apple of his eye. Both Ralph and his wife had wanted a family for years, and finally the Lord blessed them with a change-of-life baby.

Joan, moved to tears by the news, contributed her services to the Jimmy Fund, a children's cancer charity organization. She made a film short in which she appealed for financial help from moviegoers to help children suffering from this malignant disease. She offered to write the script herself, and she opened the film short with a scene in her children's bedroom. Joan, tucking the twins comfortably into bed, looked into the film camera and said, "Aren't some of us lucky to have our children with us every night? Just think of the mothers whose children are forced to grow up in hospitals . . ." And Joan's appeal brought in over half-a-million dollars for the fund. . . .

After Joan married Alfred Steele, they carried on the works of charity together. She and her husband only recently accepted the appointment of National Chairman and Chairwoman for the Multiple Sclerosis Campaign. Indefatigable, tirelessly generous with time, effort and the deep faith in their hearts, the two of them enjoyed sharing their love with the sick and the poor in spirit.

For Joan, ever since the day she was six and pronounced a cripple, has never forgotten the desperate need of the sick for love and encouragement if they are to get well.

Perhaps, in time, this love for humanity, this devotion to perform hundreds of blessed acts of charity for the ailing and the needy will comfort Joan and lift the heavy veil of a widow's sorrow from her heart. **END**

Am I Throwing Away My Future?

(*Continued from page 40*)

school. He does not date steady. His favorite color is turquoise. While he admittedly couldn't sing a note a year ago, he has since studied hard and is now on his way to the top.

Period!

That's all there was . . .

Pretty flimsy stuff, yes—but everybody printed it. Because the boy was hot, became hotter, and people wanted to know anything about him.

It was inevitable that one day the full, true story of the boy's life would be printed.

All that was needed were the facts.

Well, we've got 'em. All the facts.

And so here—for the first time—is the complete, never-before-told story of Fabian Forte. . . .

He has lived all his life in a small brick house near the corner of South 11 and Shunk streets, in the heart of South Philadelphia's crowded Italian neighborhood.

As a boy, Fabian learned the first rule of the neighborhood: *Know how to use your fists*—a rule that was to come in handy later in his life.

"Even when he was a little boy he was good with his hands, very fast," says Louis Fiovaranti, a buddy of Fabian's. "He never went looking for any trouble, like some of the kids. But if any trouble came his way, he wasn't going to just stand there and take it. Not Fabe."

Too young but determined

Fabian himself, however, had other ideas about the future—as he proved that day when he was twelve years old; when he walked into the Bellevue Pharmacy—a few steps from his house—and up to Robert Grobman, the pharmacist and owner.

"Can I work for you, Mr. Grobman?" he asked. "I hear one of your boys has left you, and you need another boy."

"That's true, Fabian," Mr. Grobman said, "—but you're a little young. I mean, this is hard work you'll have to do here."

"So?" the boy said, showing a muscle.

"I know—you're strong. But you'll have to run errands, help mop and sweep the floor, clean windows—all that," Mr. Grobman explained.

"So?" the boy said again.

"And you won't have too much time to play with your pals anymore and—you really want the job, Fabian?"

"Yes," the boy said.

"Why?" Mr. Grobman asked.

"Well, I been thinking about what I want to be when I get big," the boy said. "Sometimes I think maybe I want to become a big engineer. Then sometimes I think maybe I want to become a doctor—or a big drugstore man like you, Mr. Grobman. If I work here, I can at least get practice for that."

"You've got a good spirit, Fabian. And you've got the job," Mr. Grobman said. "You start Monday. At four dollars a week."

The boy began to laugh. "Wow!" he said.
"Wow what?" Mr. Grobman asked.
"I forgot you get *paid* for working, too," the boy said, still laughing, and rushing out of the store to tell his folks the good news.

What Fabian wanted out of life

At about the same time Fabian began working at the Bellevue Pharmacy, he entered George C. Thomas Junior High School—the same school Eddie Fisher, another local boy, had attended some fifteen years earlier.

Eddie was, of course, already a top entertainment figure, and the pride of Thomas.

Nobody at the school ever dreamed that Fabian would begin to follow in his footsteps in just a few short years.

"Lots of boys were jealous of Fabian when he was here at Thomas," one teacher recalls. "For lots of reasons. And we all heard about the fights he was forever getting into."

She specifically recalls the day she passed Fabian in the corridor, his right eye half closed and discolored—his face battered.

"Where'd you get it, Fabian?" the teacher asked.

"The shiner?" he asked back. He smiled. "Gee, I was home last night, in my room, and it was dark and there was this door and—"

The teacher nodded. "And you walked into it?" she asked.

"Yeah," Fabian said. "That's right."

"Come on," the teacher said, "—the truth."

"Honest," Fabian said, not looking her straight in the eye. "Honest"—and he walked away.

A little while later the teacher heard another version of the story—this time from a girl student who was helping her mark some papers.

"Did you see Fabian Forte's eye today?" the girl asked. "Really, some of the hoodlums in this school are too much."

"What *did* happen?" the teacher asked.

Forecast of things to come

"Well," the girl said, taking a deep breath, "a couple of days ago Fabian caught one of these bullies in the boys' room beating up a poor little kid, half the size of him. Fabian broke it up and told the bully to lay off. In fact, he pushed him right out of the boys' room. So after school yesterday the bully showed up with a friend, near that empty garage on Johnson Street, to teach Fabian a lesson. They grabbed him while he was walking by, pulled him into the garage and began to beat him up. But Fabian ended up flattening them both, like two pancakes." She began to giggle. "You should see *them* today!"

"Oh, that Fabian," she went on, coming out with a sigh that was soon to be repeated by millions of girls throughout the country. "Ohhhhhhhhhh. . . ."

Fabian had just been graduated from Thomas Junior High and entered South Philadelphia High School when two events that were to change the course of his life took place.

The first was his father's illness.

The other was his chance meeting with a man named Bob Marcucci.

Both events took place on the same day.

On the morning of that day, Fabian's father suffered a heart attack. The Fortes, panic-stricken, phoned for an ambulance. Within a few minutes the ambulance arrived, Mr. Forte was placed on a stretcher and—Mrs. Forte accompanying him—was gone. Fabian stayed around the house to watch after his two young brothers and to wait for word from the hospital.

It was while he was waiting—sitting on the concrete stoop outside the house—that Mr. Marcucci saw him.

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Be one today!

Blondes rate the dates . . . so don't let time-darkened hair keep you out of the fun! With Marchand's Golden Hair Wash you can bring back sunny blondeness or lighten your hair a mere shade. You can add a dashing blonde streak or give dark hair golden highlights—safely, easily at home. Perfect for lightening arm and leg hair, too. All-in-one-package, famous for 50 years.



At drugstores everywhere 75c and $1, plus tax



Don't let time darken your hair

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

End dry hair problems! Ask your druggist to order Marchand's Hair Conditioner

Why Fabian did it

What has never been printed, however, is Fabian's real reason for making his decision to become a singer.

"The reason," a friend says, "is that his father was sick and Fabian was worried about this. Also, at this same time, his brother Bobby became sick—something wrong with his spine—and the boy had to have a lot of special care. There were lots of hospital and doctor bills to pay. The Fortes weren't poor—but a cop doesn't make $50,000 a year, either. So Fabian thought that maybe if he got into this singing business and made some money doing it, the family would never have to worry."

Always a religious boy, he went to his church and had a talk with his priest.

"Those who have faith," the priest told him, "can do the impossible."

Fortunately, Mr. Forte made a rapid recovery and Bobby's case was not as serious as was first believed and the bill-paying went smoothly, without Fabian having to help at all.

But time had passed by now and the boy was already on his way into that big new life that was spreading out before him.

Before long, Fabian cut his first two records.

They were titled *I'm In Love* and *Lilly Lou*.

They were not very good, and they were not successful.

But most of the people around the boy, who knew him and liked him, were proud. "He's really improving," they said. "Not much of a voice yet, but you should have heard what it *was*. . . Anyway, lots of girls are beginning to write in to him and he's got a couple of fan clubs and it really looks like he's going to make it."

However, a few people close to Fabian were worried.

One of them, a teacher at Thomas Junior High, phoned him one day.

For a few minutes they exchanged greetings, talked about the old days, about this and that.

Then the teacher asked: "Fabian, how are things going in high school?"

"Fine," Fabian said.

"You managing to keep up with your studies?" the teacher asked.

"Oh sure," Fabian said. "I'm going to be moving around a lot now, going on tours and everything, week ends mostly. But I had a talk with the people at school and they said that as long as I kept up with my work, it was all right with them."

The teacher paused for a moment.

"If you really like it . . ."

"Fabian," she said, "do you remember that talk you had with me a few years ago, when you told me what you really wanted to do in life when you got older—how you would go to high school and then to college and become a big man in one of the professions someday?"

"Yes, I remember," Fabian said.

"Well, I think what you're doing now is fine . . . if you really like it—" the teacher said.

"Oh, I like it," Fabian interrupted.

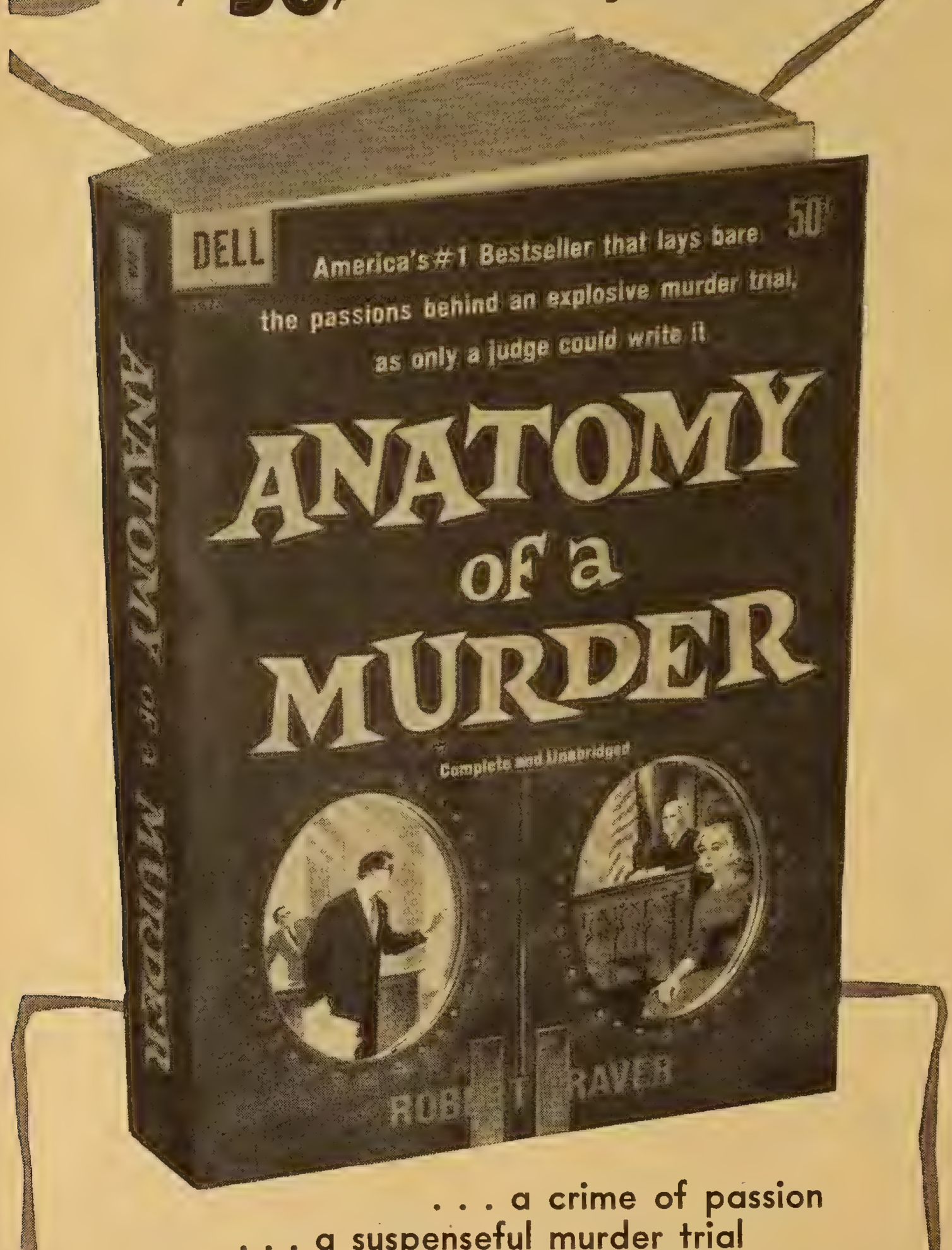
"Yes," the teacher said. "But remember, you're only at the beginning of something now. I don't know much about the entertainment field—except that it's tough and that there's a lot of disappointment involved. People rise and fall, much more quickly than in any other field. So be the smart boy you've always been and remember that. And, remembering it, keep up

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with your studies and graduate and go on to college and have something to fall back on—just in case. . . Do you understand what I mean?"

"Yes," Fabian said slowly.

"And you promise me you'll keep up with your studies?" the teacher asked.

"I promise," Fabian said. "I know what you mean, and I promise. . . ."

Half a year had passed now since that phone call.

But in that time Fabian had zoomed from the just-another-kid-singer category to the threshold of stardom.

What did it were two hit records—*I'm a Man* and *Turn Me Loose*, a couple of appearances on the Dick Clark show and then, finally, a coveted five-minute spot on the Perry Como show.

Half a year—and Fabian stood on the threshold, a short step away from the future and the fame it might well bring him.

But, inevitably, the voices of doom began to chant that Fabian was only a flash in the pan, that he wouldn't last.

"For a kid who still can't really sing yet, who still needs all kinds of polish and training—it's impossible," said one man.

"It can't be done. The boy's trying hard, but it can't be done," said another.

"He's one of those freak things that comes along once in a while, maybe lasts, maybe doesn't. In this case, like in most such cases, I'd think you could underline *doesn't*," said still another.

Was Fabian bothered?

For a while, yes.

Things got tougher

The criticism made him uncomfortable, uncertain.

At the same time, he realized that his school work was beginning to slip. It was becoming tougher and tougher to find time for homework, to keep up his good grades. His last mark in American History—for one—had been a "D."

And so, for a while, Fabian *was* bothered. . . .

One night—walking home from a long rehearsal session—he passed his church and went inside.

The church was empty, nearly dark.

Fabian walked down the long aisle and kneeled before the altar.

He began to pray.

"Help me be strong," he whispered. "Help me make good. Help me do well with my career *and* my studies. . . . Help me make my family proud, and all the people who've helped me, and all the people who've thought I'm worth anything at all . . . I know I'm asking a big favor. But can You help me, God? Can You help me . . . ?"

A little while later, Fabian left the church and went home.

"Where've you been?" his mother asked, as he walked into the house. "I expected you half an hour ago."

"I stopped to talk to a Friend."

"Who?" his mother asked, casually.

"Oh . . . a Friend," Fabian said. "I had something to ask Him."

"And did he answer you?" his mother asked. Fabian smiled.

"Not exactly," he said. "But—I got to thinking, Ma. This Friend of mine. He doesn't answer things very quickly sometimes. But He's never let me down yet. And I figure that if I keep working with Him, *for* Him, harder than I've ever worked before—He'll never let me down, ever."

His mother watched her son, confused, as he walked into his room to hang up his jacket.

Then, shrugging, she muttered, "Well, any friend of his is a friend of ours"—and went into the kitchen to prepare his supper. **END**

Ingrid's Fifth Child

(*Continued from page 61*)

Lonely, timid of other humans, she peopled her universe with imaginary characters—the witch, the villain, the donkey. "I didn't have to be afraid of them."

Her father was a merry, sweet man who indulged her fancies. "I remember telling him I wanted something when I grew up, something that would get me a lot of attention in the newspapers." The lip curls, faintly. "Well, I certainly succeeded."

At twelve, she was an orphan. Her Aunt Ellen Bergman moved in to take care of the stunned child, after her father's death. Seven month's later the aunt had a heart attack and died in the little girl's arms.

The relatives she lived with didn't approve, but nothing could have held her back. She was the star pupil at the Royal Dramatic Theatre School in Stockholm, and while she was still a student, she married a dentist named Lindstrom. "She was a strong woman looking for a stronger man," a drama school classmate says.

There was a baby, Pia. The letters of the name stood for 'Peter, Ingrid—always.' Years later, Ingrid spoke of this. "She doesn't call herself Pia any more. She hated the name we gave her. So she's Jenny Ann—it's so hard for me to remember that."

In Hollywood, where Ingrid became a star, the Lindstrom marriage floundered. She paid the bills to put him through medical school, and his male pride sought ways to get even. He ran the household like a dictator. He yelled about Ingrid's clothing bills, and insisted on absolute obedience from Pia.

"What's the use of your telling me I can go to the movies?" Pia would say to Ingrid. "You know I have to wait for Papa's permission."

Lindstrom would badger his wife. "Pia doesn't respect you—"

Ingrid would fight back. "I don't want her to respect me, I want her to love me—"

A hopeless situation

"If Ingrid was coming home at eight o'clock, Lindstrom and Pia would eat at 7:30," producer David Lewis recalls. "If Ingrid was coming home at 6:00, he and Pia ate at 5:30. I don't know, maybe he was deliberately trying to hold the child emotionally, just in case something happened. I remember going on a six-hour auto trip alone with Pia in 1951. She talked all the time—almost as if the wind would tear her words away and no one would hear them. She told me how much she missed her mother, but that she didn't want to hurt her father. In many ways, Ingrid was more of a child than Pia."

As if the wind would tear her words away . . . Long, long afterward, Ingrid herself spoke of that tearing wind. "It blows this way and that way," she said, "and you have to take what life gives you."

It was January of 1957, and she had not seen her daughter Pia for six years.

Somehow she'd never believed it would happen. "When I left Peter, I never thought I would lose my child completely," she said, bewildered.

A good mother doesn't desert a child and go tootling off to make a movie with some Italian genius.

But Ingrid did. Poor, pretty Ingrid. She fell in love on the island of Stromboli.

She hadn't meant to, but she didn't see how she could help it, or change it.

Even from Lindstrom, she expected compassion. She wrote him to say she was staying in Italy. "I know how this letter falls like a bomb on our house, and now you stand alone in the ruins, and I am unable to help you. Poor little papa, but also poor little mama."

Lindstrom flew abroad, discovered Ingrid was pregnant, refused her pleas for divorce. It was an act of cruelty by a bitter man. He finally agreed to let Ingrid file for a mail-order Mexican divorce, but his consent came too late. Ingrid's son Robertino was born on February 2, 1950, before Ingrid was legally free.

Still Lindstrom's anger raged. He was awarded custody of Pia, but he wasn't satisfied. In 1952, when Ingrid filed for permission to have Pia visit her, Lindstrom went to court, insisted he didn't want Pia 'exposed' to Rossellini.

The judge addressed the thirteen-year-old, "Do you love your mother?"

"No," Pia said gravely. "I don't love my mother. I like her. I love my father. I don't want to go to Italy." Very sure, very self-contained, the voice of a young lady. And then, suddenly, the misery breaking through. "I don't think my mother cares about me too much. She didn't seem interested about me when she left—"

The judge ruled against Ingrid, but castigated Lindstrom too. "Children are not chattels to be passed back and forth between parents."

Chattels, to be passed back and forth between parents . . . Now there are three new chattels, Robertino, Isobella, Ingrid. Again the courts resound with charges and counter-charges, as Ingrid and Rossellini war in France and Italy.

"No matter where Mr. Rossellini tries to obtain possession of my children, no matter in which court or what country, I will fight him," Ingrid said, last January.

Love—and violence

For this man's love, she had defied convention, had been denied her daughter, had given up her career, yet now they stared at each other blank-eyed across a wooden table, while lawyers spoke, and a judge pondered.

"He was alive," she'd said once, "and he made me feel alive—"

Those were the good days. The French director Jean Renoir remembers Ingrid and Roberto rolling on the floor with their three babies. "Ingrid was like a mother dog with puppies—"

In Rome, where she'd built a new home, Ingrid set aside a room for Pia. It stayed empty, but Ingrid always hoped that Pia would come. "We wrote to each other," Ingrid said. "I used to telephone her, but it was too painful to hear her voice and never be able to be near her. I'm not forcing anything. She was unhappy. Children want to be the same as other children, and there was so much fighting. Now everything was peaceful—"

Ingrid and Rossellini were inseparable, and their children went everywhere with them. "So they will know we love them," Roberto said.

"But what about their education, later?" Ingrid said.

"I will teach them everything they have to know," Roberto said. "All they have to learn is love and violence."

For seven years, there was love and violence and laughter. Summers at Santa Marinella, and a stone Robertino found and kept as his talisman. The day he lost it in the ocean, he was inconsolable, but Ingrid, skin-diving, found it.

Disaster!

The mother had given up any thought of working again, except with her husband, but the movies they made together were artistic and financial disasters. "Maybe I bring him bad luck," Ingrid worried.

Finally, she agreed to act in a movie for Jean Renoir. He was a family friend, and it was all right with Rossellini. When



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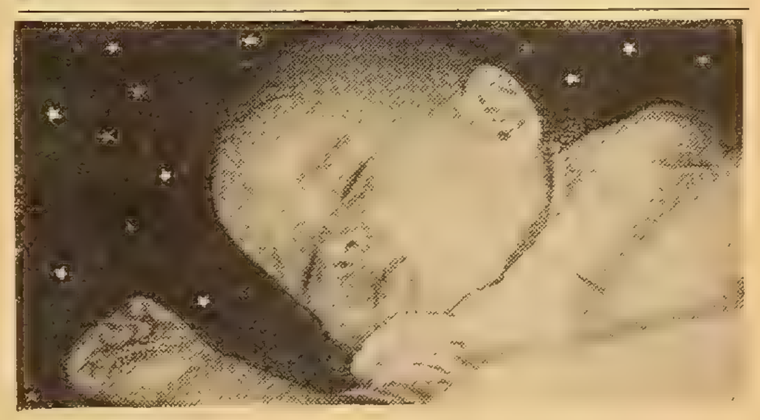
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it came to Ingrid's playing *Anastasia,* he felt different. He hated the idea. But Ingrid "tired of being broke," ignored his feelings, went ahead with the picture. . . .

"In Rome," she'd said, "I learned so much of warmth and love," but now she was in Paris, and the play *Tea and Sympathy* followed *Anastasia,* and there was no place for Rossellini in Ingrid's working life.

He acknowledged this, harking back to —for him—happier moments. "The children were small, they cried for mama, and Ingrid came. Now the children grow older, they are not so dependent on her, and Ingrid becomes restless. So my wife and I are going our separate ways professionally. And things are as they are."

Rossellini thought *Anastasia* was "terrible," and *Tea and Sympathy* was another thorn in his side. "She did not want to hurt me. She was kind, but she did want to play in *Tea and Sympathy.* I told her to do as she liked, I am a professional. I understand. I may not like it, but I do understand."

Before he left on his fateful trip to India, Rossellini summed up his helplessness. "I don't have a sense of money. It's a grave error, no? They say I ruined my wife. What are you going to do when the whole world thinks of you as a monster?"

The end was inevitable. In India, he met a woman who gave him back his sense of himself as a powerful, successful, fascinating man. He'd been perishing in the chill of his wife's shadow; now he stepped back into the sun.

It's hard to ascribe praise or blame. Ingrid and Roberto have been good artists, and bad children. They've been careless people who lived for the moment, and others have paid the price for their wilfulness. One wonders if Robertino or little Ingrid or Isobella had a sense of something wrong during that last year of their parents' marriage.

A success—and a failure

In January of 1957, Ingrid flew to the United States to accept the Film Critics' Award for *Anastasia.* Again, there was Rossellini opposition. Again, Ingrid had her way. The day she left, Robertino came to her, his precious stone good luck charm in his hand. "Take it with you to America," he said. . . .

That was the winter Ingrid won the Oscar, and lost her husband.

The rumors from Bombay were many, and Ingrid raged. "The shabby way in which people treat my husband makes me sad. He's not a villain. He's nice. He's a considerate human with practically no vices. People are always trying to get us divorced, the idiots!"

In July there was a gathering of all of Ingrid's children. For the first time in six years, Jenny Ann came to visit, and Ingrid, meeting the plane, said, "It's the happiest day of my life."

When they walked out, that summer, people were kind. "Oh, we're so glad you came," they'd say to Jenny. "Your mother has waited so long for this visit—"

Still Roberto stayed in India. On Ingrid's wedding anniversary, she'd had a stilted cable. "May you enjoy a long married life." *You?* she thought. *Not we?*

On Robertino's birthday, Ingrid hired clowns from the circus, but the big thing had been the phone call from Bombay, and Robertino, wild with excitement, explaining across two continents that he'd made a drawing for his papa's return. "I sign it *Roberto Number Two!*"

"How can you cause your wife more heartbreak?" Rossellini was asked. "I know my wife," said Roberto. "She is a strong woman, stronger than I in many ways. Remember, she did what she wanted to. I did not kidnap her, and we have had a good life together."

In Italy, volatile Rossellini relatives made statements. "Ingrid is loved by us all. She is a great woman," they said. And some of them cried.

But Ingrid's children didn't cry as, once again, they were uprooted. Their mother was going to make a movie in England. They were left in Rome with their father's sister, Marcella Mariani.

Once Robertino got on the phone with his mother, begged to come to her. "I will learn English," he promised. "I will learn English so fast—"

At Christmas, Ingrid got five days' vacation, and the Rossellinis decided they'd spend the holiday together, for the sake of the children.

It was a strange Christmas. Roberto arriving at the house with an electric train, and Parisian dolls, and the house full of shouts, "Papa's back! Papa's back!"

The children knew all the time

Only later did Ingrid and Roberto discover that the children had known the truth, and had been pretending all day.

In January of 1958, Ingrid went to Formosa to make *The Inn of the Sixth Happiness;* Roberto went back to Sonali Das Gupta; and, in Rome, a judge, noting how little the Rossellini children saw of their parents, considered putting them in the care of a state-appointed tutor.

Within the year, however, after a quickie divorce, Ingrid married Lars Schmidt, a Swedish theatrical producer ("How lucky I was to find him. Poor man, I ruined his privacy") and her children had a home again. It was a place called La Grange Aux Moines, near the village of Choisel, outside of Paris.

The fight was on

The Schmidts were married o: cember 21st, in London, and they had Christmas morning with Ingrid's children. And then at noon Roberto's chauffeur came for them.

"They had been told they could spend the holidays with him," Ingrid said. "They would have been terribly disappointed if I hadn't let them go."

In January, there was another bombshell. Rossellini sued for custody of the children, basing his appeal on moral, religious and practical grounds. He said Ingrid had been "living together with Mr. Lars Schmidt," that she was Protestant (while the children had been baptized in the Roman Catholic church) and that it was a sacrifice for "the children to have to ride every day to and from the nearest Italian school, which is in Paris."

Rossellini's objection to Schmidt was a trifle bizarre, considering his own colorful relationship with Madame Das Gupta while he was in India.

The French courts stood by Ingrid, so Rossellini took his case to Italy. "I am an Italian citizen, and so are the children." Between hearings, he offered a compromise. He'd take Robertino, and let Ingrid keep the girls. Or he would take all three for six months, and she could have them for the other six.

Ingrid said no, backed up, temporarily at least, by a Roman court. "I will not give him the children so he can give them to his sister!"

And still the fight goes on, unsettled as this is written. . . .

There was a time not long ago when Ingrid suffered a recurrent nightmare. She would dream of photographers "advancing on me, cameras pointed like machine guns, trampling on my children—"

She wants to believe those nightmares are over. She wants to live at peace with her new husband, her growing children, the baby who's to come. A baby who will not be given the pain her other children had to endure. This is her chance. This is the one that counts. **END**

I Will Be Faithful

(Continued from page 56)

done during the year. The day we repent. It's that simple, Baby."

Again Liz nodded. Then she asked, "And do you pray?"

"I do," Mike said. He smiled. "Surprised?"

Liz didn't answer.

Mike took her hand. "My old man," he said, "he knew all the prayers. He was a Rabbi, so he knew all of them—plus some. He tried to teach me. Boy, what he went through. We used to sit in the apartment sometimes—when he could catch me—or in that dilapidated, tiny synagogue he ran. And he'd say, 'Avrumele, you must learn your prayers if you are to become any kind of man.' I tried. I was too wild—my mind was always filled with too many other things—to remember them. But I tried. And there is one prayer I remember, for *Yom Kippur* . . . one."

"How does it go?" Liz asked.

Mike thought for a moment.

Then he closed his eyes and, slowly, he began to speak.

"For all my sins, for all that I repent, Heavenly Father," he said, *"do not forgive me, no—but make me hate, despise, loathe these sins; and when I have curbed my temper, given cheer to others, spoken kindly of others, returned good for evil, abandoned my impurity, corrected my falsehoods . . . then let me feel Your loving arms around me. Then may I say to You, 'my Father,' and, within my heart, hear You answer, 'I am with thee, my beloved child.' Amen."*

He opened his eyes.

"Pretty good, eh?" he asked.

For a while, Liz said nothing.

Sins in Liz' life

"There are things in *my* life I repent," she said, finally, almost in a whisper.

"Be pretty weird if there weren't," Mike said.

"But—" Liz said, "even though I believe in God, Mike, I've never found a prayer that I could believe in as much as . . . as I just felt you believed in yours."

"Your old man wasn't a rabbi," Mike said, laughing. "Maybe you've gotta have these things drummed into you."

Liz shook her head.

"No," she said, "it's not that."

Mike shrugged. "So skip your dinner tonight and say my prayer," he said.

For another while—a long while—Liz said nothing.

Then she said, "Mike . . . maybe I should become Jewish."

Mike's laughter was gone by now. "Why?" he asked, seriously.

"So I can be as good as you," Liz said. "So, deep down, I can believe as much, as strongly, as you. So I can prove what I regret in my life . . . so maybe the rest of my life will be a better one."

Mike sighed.

"The real God in a person's life doesn't come easy," Mike said.

"I know," Liz said.

"You'll have to learn a lot, to study a lot," Mike said.

"I know," Liz said. "But Mike . . . I want God so much. And the God you love—maybe that is the God I should love, the God who will love me back in return . . . I'd like to at least try, Mike."

Later that night, Liz looked up from the book she was reading.

"Mike," she said, "do you know what it says here—in *Ruth,* in The Old Testament?"

"What?" Mike asked.

"It says," said Liz, *"But Ruth said, 'Entreat me not to leave you or to return from following you; for where you go I will go, and where you lodge I will lodge; your people shall be my people, and your God my God. . . .'"*

She looked up again.

Mike nodded. "Maybe," he said.

"And where you die," Liz went on reading, *"I will die, and there will I be buried. May the Lord do so to me and more also if even death parts me from you. . ."*

"Where you die . . . I will die"

Liz and Mike were parted by death a little less than a year later. Mike was killed in a plane crash. Liz was left behind to mourn him.

It was the most tragic, the most difficult period of her life.

"I want to die, too," she said once, not long after the funeral, to Mike's good friend, Eddie Fisher. They were sitting together alone, on the terrace of Liz's big house. The day was gray and gloomy. There was a dark, cloud-filled sky above them. "I don't want to go on without him," Liz said. "I want to die, too. I can't live without Mike. I can't—"

"Liz, the word *can't* didn't exist for Mike," Eddie broke in. "If he were here now, what would he say to you? He'd say something like, 'Listen to me good, Baby—you're just wasting precious breath!' Wouldn't he say that? He'd kid with you, Liz. He'd make you end up laughing instead of crying. But that would be his message—that the word *can't* doesn't exist . . . Liz, look up. Come on, raise your head and look up. Mike never looked down. Even when he was on top of the world he was always looking up."

Liz shook her head. She wiped her eyes with a handkerchief she clutched.

"Why was he taken away from me?"

Then Eddie said, very simply, "We cannot question God, Liz."

"God," Liz whispered. "I sought Him. Maybe I didn't try very hard. Maybe I tried to do it the easy way, not hard enough. But I asked Him to help me . . . and what happened?"

"We cannot question God," Eddie said, once again. "Our very hairs are numbered. Liz, The Bible tells you that. Don't you think that God knew better than any human could when Mike's time should come? Don't you think Mike would have told you exactly what I'm telling you? That he would have said, 'You're the boss, God . . . You brought me into this world and you gave me a lot of good things while I was in it and if you want to take me now—well, you're the boss' . . . Don't you think that's what Mike would have said, Liz?"

"Yes," Liz whispered, "I do . . ."

An earnest decision

It was shortly after that Liz began to study the Jewish religion in earnest.

For weeks, quietly, she read her Bible, then the Talmud, and the other great Jewish books of learning.

Then one day she went to see a Rabbi —Rabbi Max Nussbaum.

"I want to convert," she told him.

"You must be sincere, my child," he said.

"I am," Liz said.

A year later, the Rabbi was able to say: "We do not encourage converts, unless they are very sincere. Elizabeth was. When she first discussed her wish to become a convert with me, I wanted to be sure it was not just a whim. In a sense, I put her through the works. Not until I was completely convinced of her sincerity did I encourage her to accept the faith she was so eager to accept."

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parents. While the rest of the world was gossiping about her forthcoming marriage to Eddie Fisher, Liz talked seriously about other matters.

"I've never been more serious in my life," Liz told them. "I have found that I can accept Judaism with all my heart and soul. I've found a peace in it that I have never known before. The Christian faith is a wonderful one, a beautiful one. But for me . . . I feel Jewish. I want to become a Jew. It offers me what I've been looking for all my life. . . ."

"I will be faithful"

On the morning of the ceremony, Liz phoned her parents.

"I'd like you to be at the ceremony," she said. "Please. Believe me. I know what I'm doing. And I want you to be there with me. Please. . . ."

That afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Taylor sat in the high-backed seats of the pulpit of Hollywood's Temple Israel.

Elizabeth, wearing a simple black dress and a black turban, stood beside the Rabbi, a Jewish prayer book in her hand.

The Rabbi asked her if she was ready.

"Yes," came the strong, clear answer.

The Rabbi turned and opened the bronze doors of a marble structure called the Ark, revealing the seven sacred scrolls inside, each of them encased in velvet.

Facing the sacred scrolls, the Rabbi asked, "Is it of your own free will that you seek admittance into the Jewish fold?"

"Yes," said Elizabeth.

"Do you renounce your former faith?"

"Yes."

"Do you pledge your loyalty to Judaism?"

"Yes."

Then, Liz solemnly intoned the pledge she had memorized:

"I, Elizabeth Todd, do herewith declare in the presence of God and the witnesses here assembled that I, of my own free will, seek the fellowship of Israel and that I fully accept the faith of Israel.

"I believe that God is One, Almighty, All Wise and Most Holy . . . I promise that I shall endeavor to live, as far as it is in my power, in accordance with the ideals of Jewish life."

When she finished, a cantor—standing not far away—began to sing.

He sang from *The Book of Ruth.*

Liz bowed her head as she listened:

"For where you go, I will go; and where you lodge I will lodge; your people shall be my people, and your God my God."

She repeated the words to herself.

She had recited those same words once.

But she did not think of Mike now—the man she had loved so much.

Nor of Eddie—the man she now loved.

Instead, she thought of what she realized was the truest of all loves . . . of God.

And, her head still bowed she said, "I will be faithful."

And she smiled and was happy. **END**

Liz can soon be seen in SUDDENLY LAST SUMMER *for Columbia and* TWO FOR THE SEESAW *for United Artists.*

The Death of a Doll

(Continued from page 59)

"Why?" Mr. Douvan asked, surprised. "All that talk about *me.*"

"But I'm proud of you, my doll," Mr. Douvan said.

"Daddy," Sandra said, getting up and smoothing her skirt, "I guess I will have to be going. I don't want to miss my train."

"You've got to go up to New York—now?" her father asked.

"It's a very important modeling assignment tomorrow, Daddy. But I'll come back to Washington early tomorrow night, and by then the operation will be all over and you know what I'm going to bring with me?" she asked, leaning over and straightening his collar. "*Your* own bathrobe. The one Mama and I gave you. And herring. A whole jar full. In sour cream. With onions."

Mr. Douvan tried to smile.

"That will be nice," he said, shifting his weight in his chair, and watching his daughter in silence as she touched up her lipstick in front of the mirror.

Sandy's promise

"Sandy—" he said suddenly, "I've got a favor to ask you."

"I promise," Sandra said.

"But you don't even know what it is yet."

"I promise anyway."

"Well then," Mr. Douvan went on, "I spoke to my doctor before. And he told me that even though my operation is tomorrow, that it would be all right for me to leave the hospital for a little while tonight. For an hour, he said. I knew you were coming down from New York today. And I thought that it would be nice if you and I and your Mama could go somewhere for dinner tonight, just like we always do back home, the three of us, together . . . just so we can be alone."

Sandra placed her hand on his cheek.

"Oh Daddy," she said, "I'd love to. But—I've *got* to go back tonight. I've got to *work* tomorrow. You understand that, don't you. . . ?

"And besides," she said, running her fingers through his hair now, "I'd just sit there like a lump in that restaurant and I wouldn't eat anything. I mean I'm on a diet, Daddy."

Mr. Douvan looked startled.

"I know, I don't look fat—*yet.* But I've been putting on weight and that's not very good for a model, you know. And it'd be a little silly for me to sit facing a steak and a baked potato and all the kinds of things you're always ordering for me when we go out."

"But—" Mr. Douvan started to say.

"Daddy," Sandy said, "Daddy . . . It would just be silly, that's all. And if I stayed I'd have to catch the last train out and I'd have nice big bags under my eyes tomorrow. And—well, if you want to be proud of me, it's not going to do me any good to show up at my job tomorrow with bags under my eyes and with a few extra ounces around my waist . . . Now is it?"

"You'll at least eat a little on the train tonight, won't you," Mr. Douvan asked, "even if you won't come to eat with *us*?"

Sandra shook her head.

"Oh no," she said. "This is a real diet I'm on now. All I'm eating now is lettuce. Half a head for lunch and half a head for dinner."

Mr. Douvan shrugged.

And as he did, a faint voice in the background spoke up.

"All visitors, all visitors, please leave . . . visting hours are over," it said.

Sandra got up.

"You understand, Daddy, don't you?" she asked.

Mr. Douvan nodded.

"I guess I understand . . . yes," he said.

"Anyway," Sandra said, "I'll be back tomorrow night. I'm even coming by plane. And by then the doctors will have fixed

whatever's wrong with you and . . . and I'll bring you your bathrobe, *and* the herring, and we'll have a ball."

"All visitors, all visitors," the voice came once more.

"Good-bye, Daddy," Sandra said, leaning over and kissing him.

She rushed to the door.

"Good-bye, Sandy," Mr. Douvan said.

Sandra stopped. For a long moment she simply stood there, at the door, simply staring back at the step-father she loved so much, but saying nothing.

Then, suddenly, the nurse—the one who had been there a few minutes earlier—reappeared.

"Temperature time!" the nurse said, very officially, walking past Sandra.

Sandra waved.

"I'd better be going now," she said, softly, as Mr. Douvan raised his hand and began to wave back. . . .

Fatal phone call

It was one o'clock, the following afternoon.

Sandra sat in the little dressing room, just off the photographer's studio.

She'd worked for two hours that morning. At noon, the photographer had called a break. He'd gone out. Now she waited for him to get back so they could finish up—soon, she hoped—so she could catch the four o'clock plane for Washington.

She passed the time looking through a new fashion magazine someone had left lying around.

At one point, she looked down at her watch.

She wondered suddenly if the operation was over. Even though she knew it wasn't a major operation—how many times that last week had her daddy told her that it wasn't going to be very serious—still she wondered now if it was all over.

She wished it was.

She wished, too, that the tight, stupid little pain in her stomach would go away, and that the photographer would hurry back so they could finish in time.

There was a tap on the door.

A woman, the photographer's secretary, peeked into the dressing room.

"Sandy," she said, "—phone call. Want to come take it in the office?"

Sandra put down the magazine she'd been holding and got up.

"Yes . . . thanks," she said, walking past the secretary. "You know who it is?"

"It's long distance," the woman said. "Washington, D. C. Maybe it's Mamie Eisenhower inviting you down to tea."

The woman laughed at her little funny.

And she felt very foolish a few minutes later when, walking back into her office, she saw Sandra—looking very pale, trembling—place down the receiver, when she saw her sit then and when she heard her begin to mumble, over and over:

"My daddy is dead . . . my daddy is dead. . . ."

She had never thought that anything could ever happen to him, that he could go—just like that, without any warning; that he could be taken away from her and her mother so easily, smiling and talking and laughing one day, gone forever the next day. . . .

"He couldn't be gone . . ."

She sat, numbly, in the living room of the big apartment now, on the couch, facing the big deep chair in which he used to sit at night when he came home from the office, relaxing, telling about his day, asking about theirs—Sandra's and her mother's, loosening his tie and smiling his loving smile and saying how good it felt to be back, here, together, with his little family.

No, he couldn't be gone, Sandra told herself; not dead . . . not her daddy . . . not her daddy.

But he was.

Her mother had told her that, through her tears, just a little while earlier.

Daddy had undergone the operation, she'd said. Everything had seemed to be fine. They had wheeled him into the recovery room, just like they always did, with everybody, after any operation. Everything had seemed to be fine. And then, suddenly, about an hour later, his breathing had become very labored. And his heart, weak to begin with and weakened even more by the operation, stopped suddenly. And, still clutching at a tiny crucifix he had held all during the operation, he had died. . . .

Her face suddenly changed. It was no longer the pert, doll-like face that the cameramen photographed. It was a face full of pain, of compassion—it was the face of an adult.

The phone rang now.

Sandra got up heavily from the couch. Her tiny body seemed to weigh more than she could bear.

She walked slowly to the phone and lifted the receiver.

The operator said something about a call from Washington, D.C.

"Mama?" Sandra asked.

"Yes, Sandy," she heard her mother say, listlessly, tired. "I—I just want you to know . . . I thought I would be back early tonight . . . I was pretty sure when I talked to you before . . . But now, with arrangements, everything, I don't think I'll be back till about midnight."

"All right," Sandra said.

"Meanwhile, Sandy," her mother went on, "it's getting to be suppertime . . . So try to eat a little something . . . Will you do that? . . . Fix something for yourself and try to eat a little."

"Yes, Mama," Sandra said, "I'll do that."

"And I'll see you later," her mother said.

"Yes, Mama," Sandra said. "Yes."

A few moments later, she put the receiver down.

For a moment after that she stood there, near the phone, just stood there.

The lettuce meal

And then she walked back across the living room and through the dining room and into the kitchen.

She went to the refrigerator and opened it.

She bent and picked up half a head of lettuce that lay wrapped in cellophane on the bottom shelf.

She removed the cellophane, placed the lettuce in a dish and placed the dish on the table.

She sat down.

Slowly, she began to tear off a leaf of the lettuce.

But she stopped, suddenly, when the pain in her stomach, the pain that had been there since last night, became stronger.

She stared down at the lettuce.

I have a favor to ask you, Sandy, his words came back to her, as she stared.

I promise, Daddy—whatever it is, she remembered herself saying.

I spoke to the doctor, she remembered him saying. *He told me it would be all right to go out for an hour tonight. I would like to take you and your mother to dinner, just the three of us, like always.*

Oh, she remembered herself saying then, *but I can't, Daddy. Gee, I'd love to. But I can't.*

Her first words came back to her again.

A favor? I promise—*whatever it is.*

Then, in a terrible jumble, all the other words she had spoken and the thoughts she had thought came back.

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But not that . . . *Oh, no . . . I mean, I'm on a diet . . . And I have to get back to New York . . . Bags under my eyes, Daddy . . . And my diet? . . . Oh, I eat lettuce now . . . That's what I'll eat tonight in New York . . . But you and Mama have a nice time anyway . . . You enjoy your steak and everything . . . But I can't stay . . . I really can't . . . I'll be such a lump . . . Besides, I'm only having lettuce . . . You said a favor, yes—but that's really such a small favor; why, I don't even really feel I'm breaking a promise . . . And you do understand, Daddy . . . Don't you? . . . Don't you? . . .*

A broken promise . . . a broken heart

Sandra closed her eyes.

And she saw him nod.

And she remembered how he had said, *Yes . . . I guess I understand.*

And, suddenly, for the first time since her mother had phoned to tell her what had happened, she began to cry.

"I'm sorry, Daddy," she whispered.

She opened her eyes.

They fell on the lettuce, still sitting there, in front of her.

She brought up her hand and clenched her fingers around the lettuce. Then she lifted it and threw it, hard, so that it hit the gleaming white wall across from the table and, leaving a dull green stain on the wall, fell thumping to the floor.

And then Sandra lowered her head and, sobbing now, feeling something inside her die, she cried out:

"I'm sorry, Daddy . . . Oh please forgive me . . . Please . . . Please . . . *Please. . . .*"

And then she dried her tears and lifted her head. She would never be the same again, she knew that.

The careless child who thought only of her beautiful face and figure was gone forever. The conceited, fragile little girl that she once was had disappeared. A doll had died; and in its place, a woman had been born. . . .

Later that night when her mother came home—after they had sat and talked for a while—Mrs. Douvan opened her purse and handed something to her daughter.

"Daddy's crucifix," Sandra said.

Her mother nodded.

"He wanted you to have it, Sandy," she said.

"When—when did he say that?" Sandra asked.

"This morning, before the operation," her mother said. "He told me that if anything happened to him—ever—he wanted you to have this. *With all his love, forever and ever,* he said."

"This morning?" Sandra asked.

"Yes," her mother said.

Sandra clutched the crucifix in her hand.

"Then," she said, very softly, "—he forgave me. You know that, Mama? Daddy forgave me."

Her mother didn't hear her.

Or if she did, she didn't ask anything more about it. . . . **END**

Sandra has appeared in IMITATION OF LIFE *and* THE WILD AND THE INNOCENT, *both for U-I.*

Debbie

(*Continued from page 47*)

said. "Certainly I can't foresee it. If I fell in love with an actor, feel sure of happiness with him, I would marry another actor.

"It makes no difference to me what anyone says to the contrary—I had great happiness with Eddie! I want to say again—we were deeply in love when we married. But I really don't want to go back over all that. It's all been said. And done. I want to face the future. It's suddenly so bright again."

I said, "When do you think the turning point came, when you realized you can once again be happy?"

There was no hesitation about this. She answered quickly, "When I went to Europe. That moment seemed to be the ending of one phase and the beginning of a new one. It's as though a door had closed and another had opened."

Debbie conquers Spain

Once again she was all big-eyed excitement, the words tumbling out of her mouth in excitement over the wonderful reception she had received in Madrid, Paris and Rome.

"Everyone was so wonderful to me and somehow they made me feel that their kindness and flattery was to me as a *person*—not just another visiting actress from Hollywood. In Madrid, some young men came into a cafe where I was dining, hoisted me on their shoulders and carried me out to stand on top of their beautiful new car. I wasn't at all frightened. They seemed so happy and friendly."

I had seen a picture of this event in *Life* magazine which carried a six-page layout on the enthusiastic way the Spanish people had opened their arms to Debbie everywhere she went.

In fact the reception accorded her had been so unusally warm-hearted that the magazine had killed the cover planned on Millie Perkins and *The Diary of Anne Frank* to substitute Debbie's singlehanded conquest of the Spaniards.

A wonderful company

"There were few embarrassing questions," she went on happily, "Even the reporters asked about the children. And they kidded me—but kindly—about all the popcorn I ate and the Cokes I drank. They played *Tammy* over and over when I walked into cafes.

"Even strangers brought flowers picked from their gardens to my hotel suite and there were many sweet notes and messages. It was a wonderful company to be with, too—Glenn Ford, Eva Gabor, Gustavo Rojo. You know, Eva and I have become great friends since the start of the picture!"

I smiled to myself. This as much as anything proves the big change in Debbie. Can you imagine the pigtailed-and-slacks-wearing Debbie becoming friends with one of the worldly and sophisticated Gabor beauties?

But Debbie was continuing on happily: "Perhaps it was being surrounded with so much of this warmth and affection that made me pause to realize how *lucky* I am. I have so much! My two beautiful and healthy children. My mother. My comfortable home—security in my future. Don't think I don't realize that my career has taken a *big* upward swing. I am very grateful for this and for the financial security it brings."

The change September brought

She was toying with the steak she had ordered for luncheon, her expression mature and serene for one so young.

She seemed to be almost musing to herself as she said, "I suppose the *real* change in my life came last September. That month not only brought the wrench of my parting from Eddie, but it was also the month MGM gave me my new contract and thereby seemed to hand me a whole new career.

"From that point on I was permitted to accept outside pictures. I was permitted to appear on TV, a good thing for me as I've always wanted to do it. It gave me the opportunity to select my own stories—and that carries responsibility. I'm thankful I have been so fortunate in my choice of comedies."

Time for clothes

Debbie laughed heartily now, "I've even changed my wardrobe! Do you know in this picture I wear gorgeous Helen Rose clothes every bit as glamorous as Eva Gabor's?"

That reminded me of something I've wanted to ask her ever since Debbie started dressing up—and how.

"Tell me something, Debbie," I said. "Why are you now literally a fashion plate both on and off the screen when for so many years you seemed completely indifferent to clothes, particularly when you were married to Eddie?"

She nodded, "You've got a point there. I hadn't thought of it much before—but when I was married to Eddie I was completely *married.* At one stage I was ready to give up my career and settle down to being just a housewife and a mother. To me, Eddie's career was the important thing. Much more important than my own. My life was filled with him and the babies; they took up most of my time and thoughts, and I just wasn't interested in clothes.

"You know, clothes take up a lot of a woman's time. Selection, fittings, grooming—you have to spend hours at it if you are going to look as well as you can. I guess it can be summed up by saying—*now* I have the *time* for clothes."

She smiled as she went on, "I'm going out again, too. Nothing serious. But old friends like Bob Neal take me dining and dancing and to see the new premieres. Helen Rose has made some wonderful gowns for me and helped me to become clothes conscious. I even bought some lovely things on my own in Paris. Being feminine, I like to hear people say, 'How lovely you look, Debbie.' Makes me feel good—even if it isn't easy on the pocketbook."

No time for love

I said to my beaming young friend, "Debbie, I just hope your heart won't be caught on the rebound—and that you just continue for a long time to wear your pretty dresses, date nice young men and continue to have a good time."

"Don't worry about the rebound," Debbie smiled. "I'm not dating anyone steady and I'll continue to go out with many friends. I don't want any serious romance right now. I am not ready for it. Besides, I won't have time to fall in love. My working schedule takes me from one picture to another right up to the first of the year."

She's such a level-headed little thing in spite of her high good spirits these days. I couldn't help commenting, "You must have a wonderful philosophy to have carried you through so much unhappiness without making you bitter."

"I don't think of it as philosophy," she said, "I have faith. My parents brought me up to believe in God, to trust Him, to take my troubles to Him. I have done this and now I am blessed with spiritual *trust.* I expect to bring up my children with this same faith. One of the fine things I was taught is that God makes the shoulders to fit the burden."

I told her I am very proud of her because when I saw her wan, tear-streaked

face right after Eddie's announcement that he was leaving home, I wondered if she would be given the courage to carry her heartache.

She replied with great sweetness, "Don't worry about me or feel sorry for me any longer. I'm truly happy, truly grateful—and oh, so lucky.

"I'm still thin—but not because of any troubles I've had. I'm having a little trouble eating—but only because I'm so excited all the time. Just like in Spain—all I seem to want to eat is popcorn and drink Cokes. But I'm seriously going to try to put on a little weight. Got to get in shape to meet the world," she laughed.

One of the things she has to face in the immediate future, despite her assertion that her broken marriage is in her past, is the imminent marriage of Eddie Fisher and Elizabeth Taylor made possible by Debbie's permission to grant him a divorce.

This she did at the airport immediately on her return from Europe when she was informed by reporters that Liz and Eddie had the evening before held a press conference in Las Vegas saying they had to have Debbie's permission to wed in Nevada.

"I will give that permission," Debbie said, solemn faced. "Then I hope I have heard the end of this."

She said, "I still feel that way. I don't want to go on talking about this forever and forever. But I do want to say to you that I do not wish anything bad to anyone. To the contrary, I wish them happiness. I hope they can be as happy as I am."

Debbie believes firmly in Eddie's talent as a singer and she expressed sadness that his career has suffered a setback with the loss of his TV show.

"I *must* have believed in his career and his talent if I was ready to practically put my own career on ice when I was married to him," she said. "I thought he would go far and become a great star—and I *still* hope so."

But that's past—and it's her own career that's very much in the foreground now.

All dressed up and going places

"Even so, you can't work, work, work all the time," I reminded this eager beaver.

"Of course not," she agreed. "I want to travel again—and soon. The only drawback to this is that I don't want to ever leave the children for any length of time. I missed them so very much the five weeks I was in Europe.

She told me about her nurse Agnes, a German girl, who has been with her and the children for such a long time, and who is now getting married.

"But she won't leave me until I have finished my current obligations," Debbie said. "Isn't this wonderful loyalty? Baby Todd loves her and loudly calls for 'Aggie!' the first thing in the morning at the same time Carrie Frances calls 'Mommy.' Agnes and I then both go in different directions to get the children up!" she smiled.

The call came for Debbie to return to the set and she invited me to go with her. What a little clown she is! She took director George Marshall's hat and put it on her head, executing a few crazy dance steps before taking her place in front of the camera.

But the minute work was called she stopped the nonsense and settled down. A wardrobe woman helped her into the beautiful green gown she was wearing in this sequence, then Debbie started struggling with the long gloves.

"Get Eva," she called. "She'll help me put them on right. Now there's a long-glove gal!"

Coming over beside me, Debbie gestured to the lovely set, "This beautiful setting is supposed to be Eva's home in Spain—just a little shack," she laughed.

The picture I carried of her as I left was that of a laughing, happy Debbie, all dressed up—and definitely *going places* in more ways than one! **END**

Pier Angeli Kidnapped My Son

(*Continued from page 53*)

It was so good to see my little boy again. You know, he's a wonderful kid. A near-genius, if I do say. He seemed to have grown a lot since I last saw him, and I was so proud. We had a wonderful time together—there's a pool for kids at the hotel, and a sandbox and shuffleboard, and we played together and we really had a great time.

"When the time came for the nurse to pick him up and take him home again, I felt so lonely and blue that I wanted to make sure I'd see him the next time, too. I just couldn't get enough of my kid.

"I called Pier to tell her I wanted to make arrangements to see my son the next day, which was Monday. I'd been told they were leaving Tuesday night. I didn't think it was too much for a father to ask to be with his son every day until he was leaving.

"Well, the first thing Pier told me was that they were going to be gone four months.

"'Four months!' I said. 'I thought it was only two.'

"'You don't think you're going to stop me, do you?' Pier said. I began to boil. I told her I wasn't so sure about that. I didn't like having stories changed around like that. If they told me two months, when she meant four, maybe the trip would extend to a year. Maybe forever. How could I know for sure? I felt she wasn't leveling with me.

"One word led to another and we had a fight on the phone. But I told her I intended to see my son the next day.

"When I phoned the house the next day to make arrangements to get Perry, the nurse answered the phone. I told her I wanted her to bring Perry to me.

"She replied, 'I'll have to ask Mrs. Damone first.'

"I began to get irritated at that. I thought I'd made it clear that I was to be with Perry. I held the receiver for a long time. Next thing I knew, the phone was hung up in my ear.

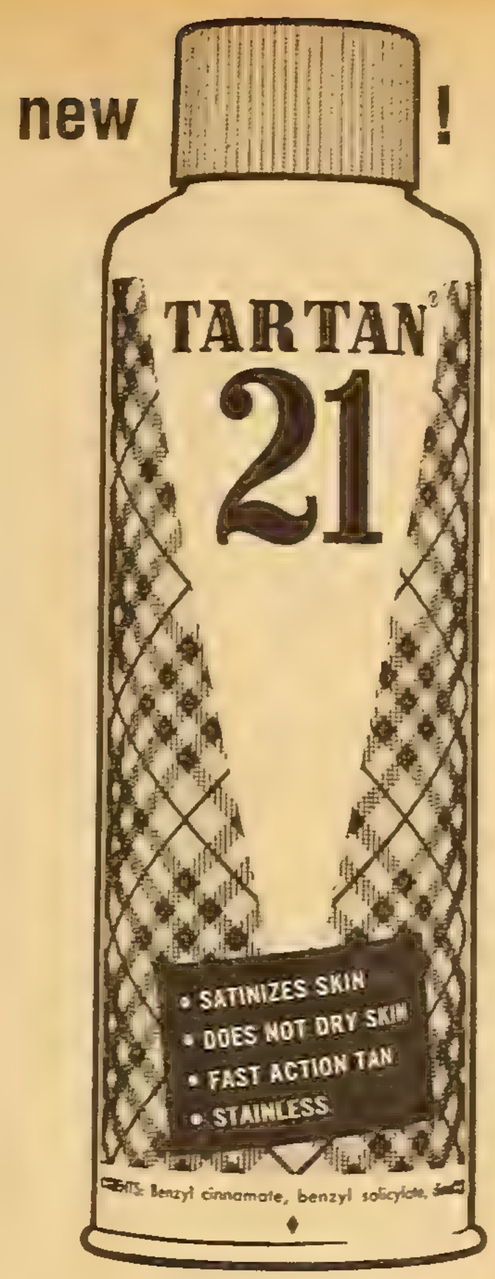
"When I tried to call back, I couldn't get through. The line was busy. I got madder by the minute.

"Then a funny hunch came over me. It suddenly struck me that Pier wasn't leaving Tuesday night as she told me, but that very night, Monday. I know that as a mother she has the right to have the child with her. I wasn't trying to deprive her of that. But I'm the father, and I have some rights, too. And one of my rights was to see my son before he was taken from me for such a long stay in Europe.

"What was Pier trying to do to me? Keep me from seeing my kid? Trying to whisk him away from me? And without an explanation. I was entitled to an accounting of what was going on. I'm still the father.

"I got more riled by the minute.

"I played my hunch by trying to find



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out from the airline companies if Pier had a reservation to leave that night. Airline companies don't give out the names of their passengers, but through a friend I was able to track it down.

"My hunch was right. When I got the report back I learned that she had made the reservation for that very night. Well, I was ready to explode. I was real hurt—real mad. I'm not going to just stand still and have something underhanded going on. When I was first asked to give my permission for her to take the baby away for two months, I said okay. Now the whole situation had changed. It wasn't for two months, but longer. And I didn't think it was fair for her to try to sneak the baby out Monday night.

A father's prerogative

"I thought back to a lot of things . . . how Pier never let me have the baby with me on my ranch. I have a ranch near Fresno, and a real nice house there. I even bought a beautiful little colt for Perry. Many times I wanted to take him to the ranch, teach him to ride his little colt, give him a taste of wholesome ranch life. That's a father's prerogative. But each time I wanted to take Perry there, my wife gave me some reason why he couldn't go. Always she used to tell me, 'Perry's sick, he can't go.'

"I remember, too, my mother-in-law always talking about how wonderful it would be to raise Perry in Italy. I began to get panicky. Was she taking him to Europe intending to raise him in Italy? He's my boy, an American kid, I didn't want to take a chance on having him brought up in some European country.

"I couldn't even go up to Pier's house to try to grab a look at my boy. She had an armed guard up at the house. Something funny was going on. I didn't like it. If only she had called me and told me herself what her plans were; but I felt that she was taking too many liberties by making these plans to keep our boy in Europe without letting me in on it.

"I wasn't going to stand for that. We've all heard of 'mother love.' But there's such a thing as 'father love,' too. I felt I had to do something to stop her from taking my boy away, so quickly, and without telling me what was going on. It worried me like crazy. There was no time to lose.

"I tried to get my attorney to issue a restraining order preventing my wife from leaving that night with the baby. My lawyer was out. It was getting late; I was desperate. I had to do something fast. So I hired a new lawyer, right on the spot, to get out a restraining order—fast.

"At 6:30 that night we served the papers on her. She was getting ready to leave the country with Perry and the nurse. Her mother was there. Even though she was served with the restraining order, she got in the car with the baby, rode to the airport—and they were gone. . . .

"It's too bad there's such bitterness between Pier and me now. We can't even talk things over together any more. Things started to go bad in our marriage when I left for a singing engagement in England last fall. I took the singing engagement in England in the first place because I wanted to be near my wife. She was going to do a picture in Italy, and I had planned to join her there. At the last minute she canceled her picture; but I had my night club engagement in London which I had to keep.

The Helena Sorell incident

"The day before I was to leave for England, my wife had her drama coach, Helena Sorell, at the house. They were working together, rehearsing for *Bernadette* which Pier was going to do on TV.

"However, I was looking forward to spending the evening with my wife—alone. Just before dinner time, Pier came to me and said she hoped I didn't mind but she'd asked Helena to stay for dinner. I said I did mind. 'This is our last night together. I'll be gone seven weeks. Don't you want to spend it with me alone?' But she'd already asked the woman, and she couldn't go back on her invitation. All night long, at dinner, my wife and Helena were discussing the script. I was completely out of the picture. After dinner, they continued rehearsals.

"I'm as sentimental as the next guy. I was so anxious to be with my wife that I changed my flight to the following night.

"The next day, Pier told me Helena was coming over to coach her some more and that she was staying for dinner again. I blew my top. I felt blue all day, and when I saw that woman sitting at my dinner table, I really lit into her. Here I'd changed my flight just to be alone with my wife, and this woman stayed on, talking script all night long and ruining my evening. I got so mad I let her have it! I said, 'Look here, what are you doing here anyway? Don't you know I'm leaving for Europe tonight? Didn't it occur to you that I want to be alone with Pier?"

"She gave me a fishy look and said, 'But your wife invited me to dinner.'

"'Well,' I said, 'haven't you enough sense to know when to refuse an invitation? Maybe she asked you just to be polite. Can't you see when you're not wanted? What are you doing here, eating my food, monopolizing our time? Why don't you just get out of here before I toss you out!'

"I really blew my top. After she left, Pier and I had a fight. When I left for London, there was a decided coolness between us. When I was abroad, I thought we could make up when I returned. But I think my wife listened to a lot of gossip about me while I was away.

"It was the beginning of the end. When I returned from Europe, I thought, *Now Pier and I will have another honeymoon. We'll be happy again.* But things were no longer the same. She asked me to leave the house. She said she wanted a divorce.

"I've taken our divorce very hard. I've lost my wife. I've lost my home. But I have no intention of losing my son. I won't let her sneak him off."

The irony of the situation is that Vic wouldn't have been able to be with his boy very much even if the child had remained behind. Vic was due to leave for a Las Vegas night club engagement the following week. Also, following that he was to do the lead in *Oklahoma* in Kansas City, and then some more night club engagements all over the country.

The persecution of Pier

From Mrs. Enrica Pierangeli:

"Why does this man persecute Pier so? She is an actress. She goes to Europe to make a picture; to work; not for a good time. Vic Damone knew she was going to Europe, and he knew she was going to take her baby. What does he think, that as a mother she is going to leave her baby behind? He would have a right to criticize her if she went to Europe for four months and left her baby in the house with a maid. But she will not be parted from her son.

"Pier has every right to take her baby out of the country for at least nine months. This was in the divorce papers. It was important to stipulate that. Pier has made many pictures in Europe in the past, and she would not be able to accept any picture offers in Europe unless she knew she could take her son with her. This was not an issue; Vic Damone knew this when he signed the divorce papers.

"Vic knew for weeks that Pier was planning to go to Europe to make a picture, *S.O.S.-Pacific*, there. There was no secret about it. It took time for Pier to get ready to leave for Europe with Perry, and with Perry's nurse, a very fine Swiss girl named Abby. This was no sudden decision on Pier's part. And it could not have been a surprise to Damone.

"She had to report in London on the 15th of April; she was to leave California on the night of the 13th. She permitted the baby to spend the day with his father the day before they were to leave. It would have been very upsetting for the baby to spend a day with Vic the very day he was to leave. You know how excited children get just before they are to take a long plane trip. This was a particularly long plane trip, on the SAS over the North Pole from Los Angeles to Copenhagen, Denmark—about nineteen hours. She wanted him to spend a very quiet day at home, so that he wouldn't get upset or sick on the long plane trip.

"Everything was going along fine. Pier, who had been so unhappy after the divorce, was finally finding peace of mind. She was going to make a picture she liked; she was all prepared, mentally and physically, for the big job that lay ahead; baby Perry had had a good nap during the day and was all dressed to go. Then suddenly the doorbell rings at dinner time, and a man gives Pier a paper. Pier read the paper and she screams hysterically; she was laughing and crying wildly. It was the restraining order from Vic's lawyer, telling her she couldn't take Perry out of the country.

"This all happened at the last minute. Pier couldn't eat, she was so distraught. She knew she had to leave. If she didn't report on the 15th, her contract could have been terminated.

"Why did this man wait until the very last minute to do a thing like that? If he objected to her going with Perry, why didn't he tell her sooner, so she'd have time to do something about it?

"It was her duty to leave for work. Did he think she would go to Europe and leave her baby in the street behind her? Did he think she would go off and leave the baby with the nurse? Would she have been a better mother if she had done that?

"Not Pier! She is very devoted to her baby. Wherever she goes, her baby goes with her. She could not live without him."

Hysterical, Pier called her attorney after she received the restraining order, and apparently was told she could go. But the joyous mood was gone. Pier is a very

Who is the man

DEBBIE REYNOLDS

must protect herself against?

See August

MODERN SCREEN

with Debbie and the man on the cover

(on sale July 2)

sensitive girl to begin with, quick to frighten. It was getting time to go to the airport. Weeping and trembling, she entered the car and held the baby in her lap, the nurse beside her. Her mother was at the wheel in front. At the airport, Pier clutched her baby in her arms, and disappeared into the plane.

When she landed in Copenhagen, an army of reporters and photographers met her.

"What do they mean I've kidnaped my son?" she said. "How can a mother kidnap her own son? I only know that my boy is with me, and nobody is ever going to take him away from me.

"I nearly collapsed when the court order was served on me. I was handed the order only two hours before I was to leave. What Vic did was a terrible thing to do to any mother. He knew perfectly well I was due to leave, and he left it right to the last minute for a man to serve me with some sort of paper."

Pier had to leave to make this picture. It was very important to her. She needed the money, for one thing. Pier has not made a picture in more than a year (*Merry Andrew* was her last one). She was no longer under contract to MGM or any studio, so she was not receiving a salary unless she worked. Her alimony and child-support are certainly not sufficient for her own expenses and Perry's unless she earns her own movie star salary, which she's accustomed to. Although she seems to be a very simple person, actually Pier is a sophisticate and has lived high. Her home is a $100,000 home—very beautiful, very beautifully and expensively furnished, on top of a hill in Bel-Air, with an acre of ground, the last word in a new, elegant modern home. Pier's clothes are very expensive, usually Italian imports. She always has at least two servants plus a nurse for Perry.

Besides the money, Pier is an actress; she cannot be happy unless she is acting. Depressed after the divorce, she needed to go to work in a picture as quickly as possible to restore her zest for living.

Her mother feels that Pier's career suffered after she married Vic because he was so inordinately jealous of her that he wouldn't let her go out. Pier used to stay home in her big beautiful home night after night after night, all alone except for the baby and the nurse. This went on for years. Vic was usually out of town on night club engagements; Pier stayed at home, waiting for his calls which came at night. She seldom went anywhere. Her mother and friends feel that she stayed home because Vic would go into a jealous rage if she went out with other people. Because she didn't go out, those close to her feel she lost out on many contacts, and lost out on many good roles because she was forgotten. One of these roles which she lost was the girl in *Green Mansions,* which she wanted so very much to do. "She was in a cage," her mother says.

According to her mother, Pier lost her sparkle while she was married to Vic. She became a virtual recluse, at the age of twenty-six.

Mrs. Pierangeli says, "This whole thing made it seem as though Pier were fleeing from the United States, which she loves, and 'kidnapping' her own boy. Pier is not that type. She is very gentle and sweet. She is not brazen. She would never do anything that was not perfectly right.

"We are not worried about the outcome of all this. Pier was right in doing what she did. But I am worried because she became almost sick about the whole thing.

"Some day Pier will find happiness again. She says she is happy with her son. That is true. Perry is her whole world. But she should have love and protection. She is lovely, she is talented, she is young and she is full of the love of life. She will start a new career; a new life. She will find a new happiness. Maybe, some day, she will find a man who will protect her. Like the man Marisa (Pavan—her twin sister) has found in Jean Pierre Aumont."

Pier had been trying for a long time to make her marriage work out. She married Vic impulsively. They are actually direct opposites (she is fine, sensitive; he is more the night-club type). But Pier, being a Catholic, tried to make a holy sacrament of her marriage.

Even though Pier is a Catholic, I think she would remarry if the right man came along some day. In Europe, she intends (after her picture is over) to rest in a beautiful villa she has rented on the Côte d'Azur, right off the coast of France, with Perry, her sister Marisa and Marisa's baby, and her mother. Mama will follow soon.

Meanwhile, Pier's beautiful home on top of the hill in Bel-Air—one of the most beautiful out here—is up for sale (or for rent). She may never return to this beautiful home, which turned into scenes of heartbreak for her.

END

UNDER 21 (*Continued from page 67*)

she lived in the jazz age. So what happens? You're bugged by a passion to wear a size 9 and so you go way out for diets.

Step in front of a full length mirror and check off the ideas listed on page 67. You can look ten pounds lighter in ten minutes by simply following them.

It's not what registers on the scales but what registers on the eye that counts. Who cares how much you weigh if you *look* slender. And you can . . . without dieting!

But if you try all the tricks and you *still* look fat, then you do need to diet. But before you begin, beware.

Bowed legs, poor teeth, even rickets . . . they're all yours if the Vitamin D found in eggs, fish and milk drops out of your diet. Plan to have a rough, dry skin and to catch frequent colds if you don't get enough of the Vitamin A found in vegetables, fruits, milk and eggs. Poor appetite, fatigue, and constipation will be yours if you don't absorb enough B1, offered by meats, eggs, poultry, grain, and beans. You'll have a sore mouth if your diet doesn't include enough Vitamin C, from citrus fruits, vegetables, and berries.

Balanced diets include many elements. Skimp on them for long and you will be seriously sick. Proteins, for example. Without them you are liable to stunted growth, breaking and cracking fingernails, dull and unmanageable hair. Meats, eggs, and cheese are excellent sources of protein. Fats and carbohydrates provide energy. Eliminate all starches and oils from your diet completely and you'll be pooped after your first morning class.

Sure, you can diet like crazy and become so thin that you don't cast a shadow . . . but unless you go about it sensibly, you're going to be sick.

So before you fly off to diet doldrums, take a real inventory of yourself. Chances are that you may not *need* to diet! But if you must diet, you'll have to plan a slow, careful—sensible diet. For really rapid losses, which upset the chemical balance of your system—accomplish nothing since they are eventually followed by equally rapid gains.

If you really feel that you need to diet, go to it and good luck! But you *can* look slimmer without dieting. Try these suggestions and the chances are that *you won't need to diet!*

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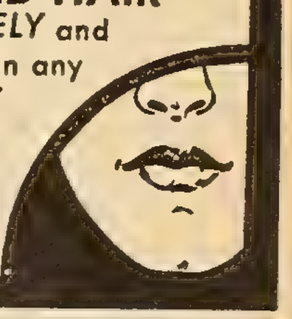
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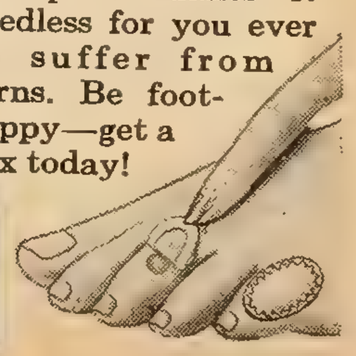
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What I Saw In Marilyn's Palm

(*Continued from page 62*)

for love. Never in my life have I seen such a deeply embedded curve. Marilyn simply couldn't exist without a man's strong, powerful passion almost suffocating her.

Yet her love line, while deep and demanding, is fickle. Tiny, straw-thin lines grow out of it, and obviously this has been a problem. Now, don't misunderstand me. This doesn't mean Marilyn is untrue to her husband. But it does tell us that Marilyn's capacity for love is untiring, and, should Marilyn ever be on her own again, she'd turn the world upside down to find the man of her needs. She'd let many suitors court her, and probably play one suitor against the other to see who would tantalize her the most. This is how fickleness can bedevil her.

Now much has been written about Marilyn's being a quiet, home-loving girl. No doubt she is—when she's happy in love. But all this talk about Marilyn's sitting home by the hearthside when she's on her own runs against the formation of her love line. Marilyn is a love goddess, and she makes unending demands on love!

She isn't happy without the security of a man's daily adoration. The side of her palm reveals a love-ridge so deeply rooted in her skin it's almost a scar. This tells us Marilyn suffered considerably before she found the love she craved in Arthur Miller; and from all indications in her palm at this time, Arthur is *the* love of her life. Remember, however, that the lines of a person's palm change with his character, and palms should be read yearly for growth, development and insight into the change of a personality.

Evidence of Marilyn's roaring passion lies in the peaked bulge of her Mount of Venus. While this reveals Marilyn's powerful passion in love, it also lets us know Marilyn has a wild passion *for life*. Marilyn thinks nothing of staying up half the night if she's absorbed by a book or a conversation; she enjoys gorging herself intellectually and emotionally in order to satisfy her gargantuan appetite for living.

Silken sheets and heady perfume

Marilyn is also a sensualist. When she's lingering in a hot bath or sleeping between silken sheets or sniffing the heady scent of perfume, she's as content as a purring kitten. She basks in sensual delight.

One point must be made clear about Marilyn's love line. She doesn't only *ache* for love; she *gives* love. But when she doesn't receive—look out for trouble.

Her earlier love-ridge, right alongside the one she's so involved with now, shows us the shallowness of her previous marriage to baseball player Joe DiMaggio. But out of her love line are two offshoots into two interesting areas: the Mounts of Apollo and Saturn. From this we learn Marilyn is in love with Apollo, god of the Sun, representing the world of art and success.

Marilyn worships art and beauty—more than most people think—and she's in love with her success. She may give the impression that success is difficult and unnerving, but I'd swear, from what I see in her palm, that if Marilyn lost her millions of fans and admirers, she'd be beside herself. For she adores being acclaimed; she is thrilled by the love currents of her mass worship.

If Marilyn allows this important Apollonian love line to develop, she'll surprise herself. She will unquestionably become an outstanding artist in our century.

Now, about her career line which figures impressively in her palm. It is like a wound, and it pains her. She adores her success, yes; but her career is an enigma to her. Her international fame skyrocketed overnight; and she cannot understand all that she wants to know about her career.

Her star of success

Marilyn is blessed with a dazzling Star of Success in the center of her career line; and I hope she will accept the success of her career and not worry so much about her capabilities. She is always the perfectionist, leaving no stone unturned to find the answer to a problem in her acting. Oftentimes, this persistent questioning creates tremendous anxiety within her. Marilyn is a brilliant instinctive actress; she has an innate understanding of the art of acting. If she questions her art too much, she belabors it and loses the spontaneity so refreshing in her performance. But Marilyn need never worry about her career. If she chooses, she will have it until her very old age.

It's her life line that worries me. It snaps in a number of places. Accidents, illnesses and critical dangers cut through it. The life line tells us Marilyn is frail. She must *always* carefully guard her health. She will always be in need of a doctor's constant care.

Now, below the second finger of Marilyn's palm is her Mount of Saturn which represents wisdom. Remember I pointed out earlier how an off-shoot from her love line was wending its way toward Saturn? Well, Marilyn is wooing wisdom, and she is winning! Her palm reveals that Marilyn's wisdom comes from her insistence upon honesty and a native perception.

But I wish Marilyn weren't so hypersensitive. There are simply too many hair-thin lines in one area of her palm, all of them representing minute hurts. If only she would begin building bridges across these tiny sensitivities—because, as she grows older, she'll pay much too much attention to them and, with time, they'll cause her unfair anguish and concern. If she were told by a friend, for instance, that she looked rather tired, she'd worry about it for days.

Something Marilyn must be on guard about is morbidity. No one can get into so grim a depression. Usually her black moods last for days. But if she allows her imagination to soar during these dark moments, she'll find she can balance the disturbing morbidity with her fanciful dreams.

About babies . . .

The subject, of course, that concerns Marilyn the most (as it does with most women) is the future—and children! While I don't believe it's fair to *predict* events in the palm (the lines in the palm only indicate character), there is a way of checking for intended offspring by the bands in the wrist.

Two of Marilyn's bands are broken, but there is a third band working its way across the wrist. It's much stronger than the other two—and more deeply embedded. I like to believe this is the child Marilyn prays and dreams of having, but the band requires additional strengthening all the way across the wrist if the child is to survive.

One other thing about Marilyn: she hates being alone. She just can't stand it. Her independence opening is so tightly near the life line that there's no possible room for escape.

When I told her this, she seemed rather pleased. "Why not?" she said. "I'm a woman, and God made woman to depend on man!"

Then, as our palm-reading session ended, she broke into a wide, heart-warming smile and said, "Hey, let's make an appointment for next year, okay?"

I nodded yes, and we wandered into the roomful of chattering guests at the cocktail party in the small seaside town of Amagansett that April Sunday afternoon.

END

Marilyn is in SOME LIKE IT HOT *for United Artists and will appear in* TIME AND TIDE *for 20th-Fox.*

The Trouble With Being Secretly Married

(*Continued from page 55*)

appearing as *The Collins Kids* in Las Vegas, and that's where I met Stew. He's tall, blond and handsome, and nine years older than I am. We started seeing each other in Vegas, and I felt so comfortable with him—much more comfortable than I'd ever felt with Ricky. Ricky was a boy, completely wrapped up in his own work and his own problems. Stew was a man. I liked the way he wouldn't let me stay out late because he knew it wouldn't be good for me; I liked the way he held my arm protectively. One day, in Vegas, he took me to Boulder Dam and we had a glorious time. He said, "A girl like you shouldn't be in the setting of Las Vegas. You belong in the open air here, not in the casinos."

The day after Stew left Las Vegas, I drove home with my family. That evening Stew came to our house to see me. My folks were around while he was there. They had no idea we had fallen in love; they'd have hit the ceiling at the idea. My mother had married when she was fifteen. Even though it was a happy marriage, she felt that a girl misses something by tying herself down too young. Since I had started on a career, she wanted me to make something of myself before I thought of marriage and all its responsibilities.

Then one evening Stew asked me to marry him. I couldn't give him an answer. That night I sounded my mother out on the idea of my getting married—without actually telling her about my proposal. "Of course I want to see you marry some day," she said. "But not for three or four years."

My parents didn't even want me to go steady again, for they knew how broken up I'd been after my romance with Ricky ended. So in order to see Stew at all, I had to pretend he was just a friend—not someone I cared seriously about.

We lived a lie

Even before Stew and I ran off on our secret elopement, we started to live a lie. My parents had no idea we were in love. We put on an act for them.

Since Stew was in show business, managing Johnny Cash, they thought he just liked to pal around with singers like Larry

and me. When Larry and I did a show in Fresno, Stew visited me backstage. My parents were around, too. I drove home with my parents and my brother. Stew drove home himself. I didn't have the courage to say I wanted to go with Stew.

We couldn't stall much longer. One night Stew said, "Let's just go to Las Vegas and get married."

"I'd love to," I hesitated, "but my parents would never consent . . . But I *do* love you, Stew. . . What shall I do?"

We decided not to wait, but to elope as quickly as possible and not tell anyone about it. I really believed that was the only possible solution. Maybe it was.

One Sunday afternoon Stew came over. We said we were going to Santa Anita to look at some horses Stew was interested in buying. My parents let me go, but I had to be home by midnight.

Instead of looking at horses we drove to the Burbank airport and took a plane for Vegas for a quick ceremony. I lied and said I was eighteen. Our cab driver was our witness. Then we chartered a plane for home. I slipped inside the door exactly five minutes before midnight.

Stew came into the house with me. My parents asked us about the horses, and we both had to lie.

I said good-bye to Stew in front of my parents, but I couldn't even kiss my brand new husband good night. . . .

Then Stew left on tour with Johnny Cash, and of course I couldn't go with him.

Before he left, he took me in his arms and told me, "Darling, I don't want to put you on a spot because we're secretly married. I know you love me, so if you have to date other boys because of your career, I'll understand. It will be all right. I love you and I trust you."

I couldn't pretend

But in spite of what he had said, when boys called me, I turned them down. I just couldn't go out with anyone else. And my mother just couldn't understand it.

"Why do you stay home and mope so?" my mother worried. "Why don't you go out and have some fun . . .?"

Then one Sunday Frankie Avalon came to Hollywood. He phoned me and said, "I'm in town for a few days. I heard you're not going with Ricky any longer. I'd love to see you. . . ."

My mother was in the room—my brother Larry too. What could I say?

Larry's a big fan of Frankie's. He wanted me to ask him to our house; he wanted to see his idol. He pestered me to go. "Go on, Lorrie, he's a swell guy." My mother said, "Lorrie, why don't you go out with him? You haven't gone out at all lately. And Frankie seems like such a nice boy."

I didn't know what to say. I couldn't say, *He's much too nice for me to lie to him like this. I don't want to lead him on.* That's what I thought—but it I wasn't ready to confess the lie to my own family.

So I said, "Fine, Frankie. Pick me up." He did, about an hour later. . . .

Frankie laughed shyly when he saw my funny basset hound Harry and heard my solemn explanation, "I want to take Harry along as a chaperone. . . ."

We took my little car and had a wonderful day. I think that if circumstances had been different we would have seen more of each other during his visit. Frankie's lots of fun to be with—and yet so shy. Where Ricky is sure of himself, Frankie is quiet and sweet.

I almost broke down

Still, Frankie felt comfortable with me, I believe. He told me about his family; he even told me I reminded him of his sister Teresa, who has dark hair like mine and is also on the quiet side. When he told me how proud he was that he was going to give her a big wedding soon, I *almost* broke down and told him about my own wedding. But I couldn't.

We walked through Holmby Park, hand in hand. All the girls there recognized him and openly envied me for being 'his girl' that day.

I didn't even protest when a photographer took pictures of us on our date.

When he left me, he said, "When can I see you again? Tonight? Tomorrow?"

I didn't know what to say. I hoped he wasn't getting too interested in me. I almost told him the truth. But when you start to live a lie, it's so hard to backtrack. So I just stammered and said, "Maybe."

He called me. I never returned his call. He got me on the phone a second time and asked, "Why can't I see you? I thought we got along so well. Don't you like me?" I didn't know what to say.

So I just said, "I'm sorry. I'm busy . . ."

My mother couldn't understand what had gotten into me. My brother thought I was terrible to treat a nice guy like Frankie that way. I felt terrible too, and ran into my room and cried.

Eventually the strain was over. The newspapers found out about Stew and me and headlined:

SINGER'S SECRET MARRIAGE REVEALED
ROCK 'N ROLL GIRL STAR WED

I was terribly sorry my family had to find out that way instead of from me. But they are very loving and understanding and have forgiven me. And I must admit I was relieved that the lie was over. The only thing I regret now is that I may have hurt Frankie. I'm afraid he must have thought, reading those headlines, *Why did she lie to me? How could she lead me on and let me think she liked me, when all the time she was another man's wife . . . ?*

The trouble with being secretly married is—marriage just isn't a private affair. Too many people are involved—not just the bride and groom, as I had thought. Too many people can be hurt. I'm glad the secret is out at last. **END**

Frankie can soon be seen in GUNS OF THE TIMBERLAND *for Warners.*

If You Drive

(*Continued from page 64*)

Ironically, most of the passengers were victims of automobile accidents, and my job was to get them to the hospital quickly, efficiently, and *without accident!*

I had to steel myself to the moans of pain and screams of agony in the back while I, up in front, kept my eyes on the street ahead, my mind and muscles alert for quick reactions to traffic hazards.

I didn't dare to let the sound of suffering blur my reflexes. I didn't dare let the moans affect me and interfere with my competence at the wheel. I knew that my job—and their *lives*—gave me no margin for error. I had to remember that every moment was beyond price. It was often the difference between life—and death.

After my stint as an ambulance driver, when I had saved enough money to buy myself a convertible and still have $200 over . . . I decided the time had come to try my luck in Hollywood. I had gotten some acting experience in New York, but I was not moving fast enough.

Once I made up my mind I was a guy in a hurry. I packed my belongings, said

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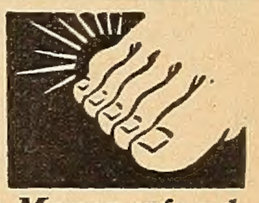
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new movies

(*Continued from page 6*)

and he organizes a touring band. But when Danny becomes a Daddy, they decide to place their daughter in a boarding school (much against her will) and there she is stricken by paralysis. A guilt-ridden Danny throws up a promising career to devote himself to his child. This film offers great jazz and a poignant story.—CINEMASCOPE, PARAMOUNT.

EMBEZZLED HEAVEN

Annie Rosar
Hans Holt
Kurt Meisel
Victor de Kowa
Vilma Degischer

bid for immortality

■ Annie Rosar's one desire is to get to Heaven. She wants insurance—namely, a priest to speak for her when she dies. A nephew promises to become a priest if only she will support him. For twenty years Annie scrimps to send money to him. As everyone but Annie suspects, he is a complete faker and parasite. When she discovers the truth, she makes a pilgrimage to Rome, and we see the actual interior of the Vatican and St. Peters and a real Papal audience with the late Pope Pius XII.—AGFACOLOR, LOUIS DE ROCHEMONT.

FLOODS OF FEAR

Howard Keel
Anne Heywood
Cyril Cusak
Harry H. Corbett
John Crawford

soaking wet violence

■ Can you really believe that Howard Keel is a murderer? There he is, piling up sandbags with the rest of the prison gang, to keep a flood from destroying the quaint city of Humboldt. Most of Humboldt is swept away—so is Howard. While Howard is being swept he manages to rescue Anne Heywood, Cyril Cusak and Harry H. Corbett—and that alone ought to get him a pardon. Holed up in an isolated, watery house Anne discovers that Howard has been convicted of murdering a woman. She has no time to brood. Criminal Cusak tries to attack her and to kill Corbett, an injured prison guard. Howard comes to the rescue again. Howard's main interest in life is to find and kill his ex-business partner who 'framed' him. A little bit of water is not going to slake his thirst for revenge. It's not going to stop the injured prison guard from swimming to the authorities, either. And, rest assured, it will not stem the tide of justice!—U.-I.

THE RABBIT TRAP

Ernest Borgnine
David Brian
Bethel Leslie
Kevin Corcoran
June Blair

nine-to-five drama

■ If you want to know what a rabbit in a trap feels like, take a good look at Ernest Borgnine. 'Steady Eddie' they call him at the big construction company where he works as a highly capable, highly underpaid engineer. Never was late, never missed a day, never got a raise. His wife (Bethel Leslie) loves him, but she is beginning to feel that after ten years of marriage they have reached a dead end. Ernest just won't speak up for himself, and his hard-driving boss, David Brian, is definitely not going to repair *that* state of affairs. But—what do you know? This year Ernest is allowed to take a vacation. He, Bethel and their schoolboy son, Kevin Corcoran, drive off merrily to the mountains where Ernest shows Junior how to set a rabbit trap. Never mind. They don't get to spend even one night in that cabin. Big boss wires Ernest to come home immediately. *Must you?* says his wife, grinding her pretty teeth. He must. However, back in the city, Kevin becomes obviously disturbed worrying about what will happen to the rabbit they caught. It seems like a little thing, but it's enough to rouse Ernest to action. He is a slow man to burn—but when he does it's with a steady, powerful flame. If his boss is not annihilated he is certainly amazed. Every-day people in an ordinary situation make this an engrossing drama.—UNITED ARTISTS.

RECOMMENDED MOVIES NOW SHOWING:

THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK (20th-Fox): The courage of a thirteen-year-old Jewish girl (Millie Perkins), trapped with her family in an attic apartment to escape Nazi domination during the last war, is beautifully portrayed in this movie. During the day, the family had to remain still, for fear of being captured. But at night they emerge from their hiding place and come to life.

GREEN MANSIONS (MGM): When Anthony Perkins is captured in the jungles of South America by a tribe of savages, chief Sessue Hayakawa makes Anthony his son and bids him to kill the bird girl who lives in a forbidden part of the jungle. The girl is Audrey Hepburn who lives with her 'grandfather,' Lee J. Cobb, who adopted her. She is so irresistible that Anthony falls in love with her.

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS (MGM): When Rossano Brazzi comes to London and sweeps the very proper Deborah Kerr off her feet, she's swept for better, for worse, for richer, etc. That is, she finds herself married to Brazzi. Rossano then goes off to the war and leaves Deborah in the charge of his uncle, Maurice Chevalier. When Rossano comes home after the war he finds his former life complicated by an old girl friend, and a clever young son.

8. I LIKE LIZ TAYLOR:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familar with her

I LIKE EDDIE FISHER:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

9. I LIKE SANDRA DEE:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

10. I LIKE INGRID BERGMAN:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

11. I LIKE MARILYN MONROE:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

12. I LIKE EDD BYRNES:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

13. I READ: [1] all of **SEVEN STARS NEED YOUR HELP** [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] completely
[2] fairly well [3] very little [4] not at all

14. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) _____ MALE (1) _____ FEMALE

(2) _____ MALE (2) _____ FEMALE

(3) _____ MALE (3) _____ FEMALE

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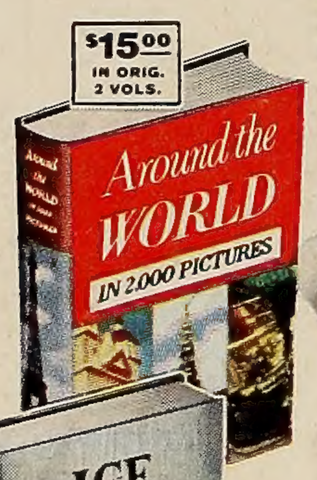
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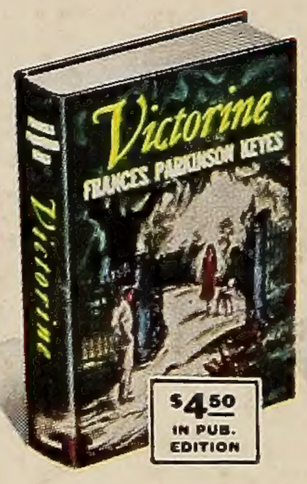
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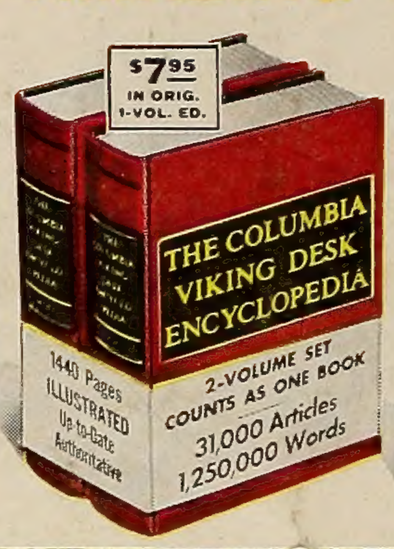
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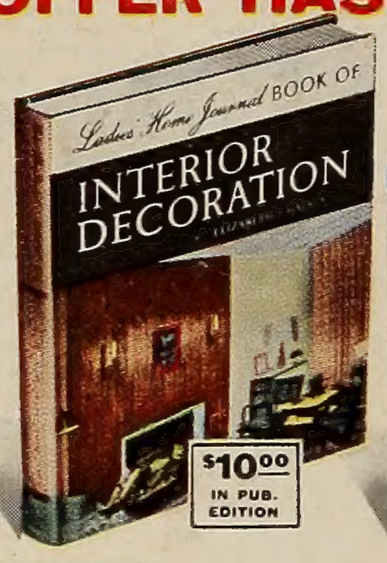
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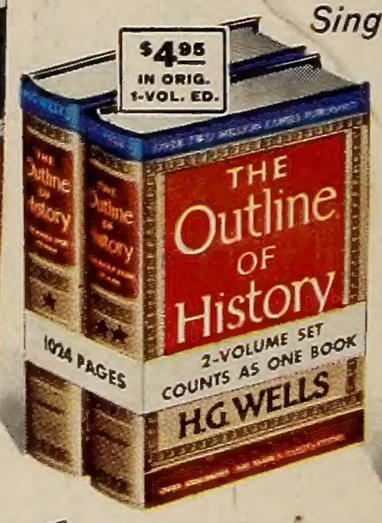
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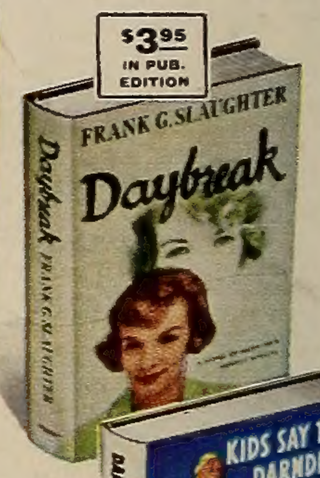


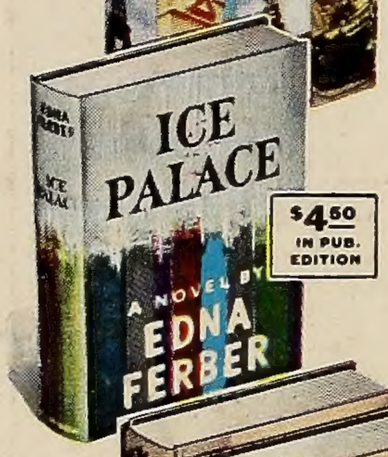




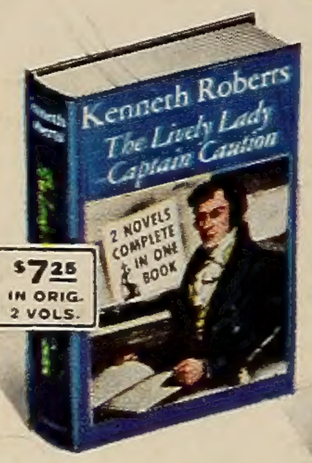








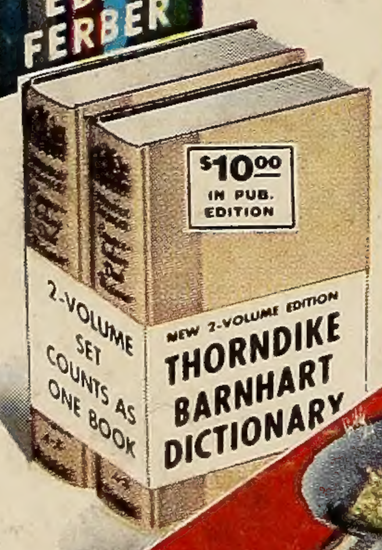
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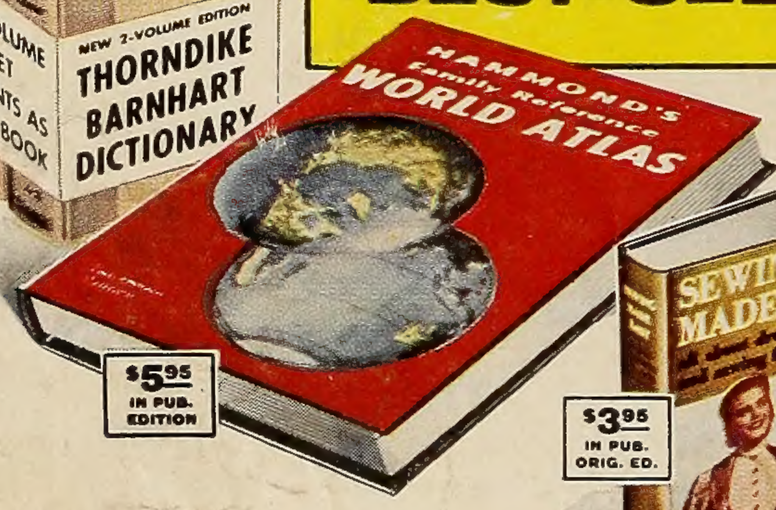
















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